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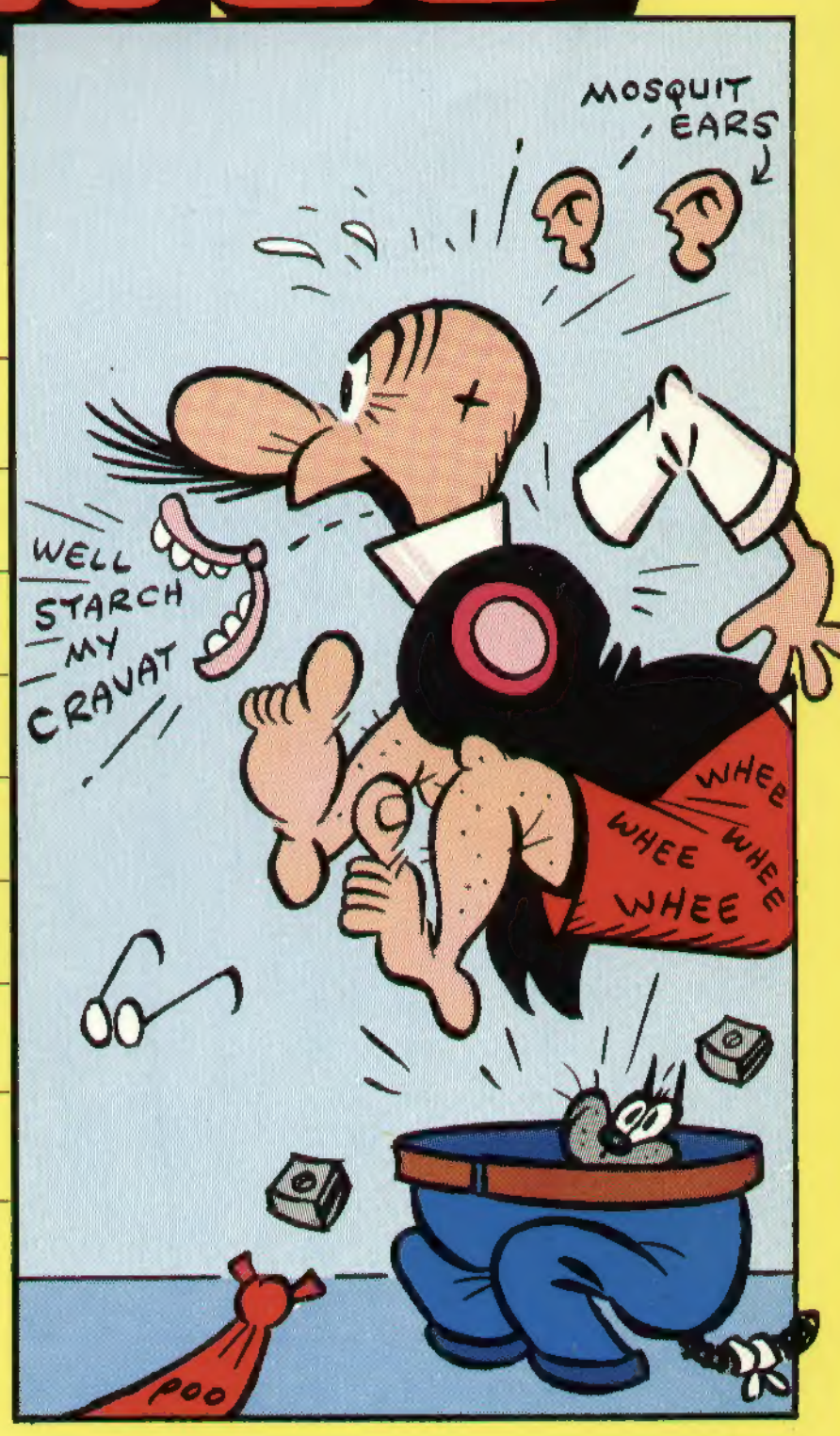
SCREW BALL COMICS



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edited by RICK MARSCHALL

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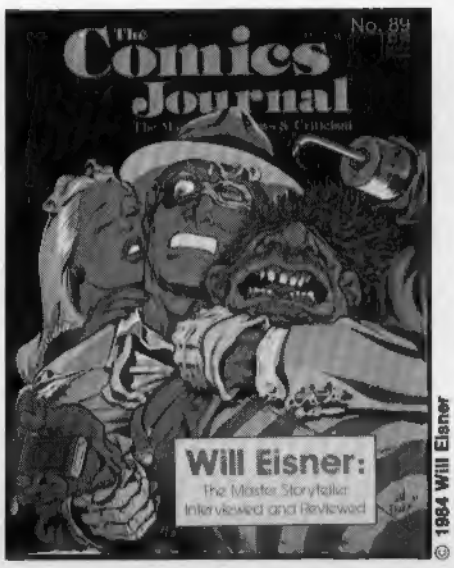
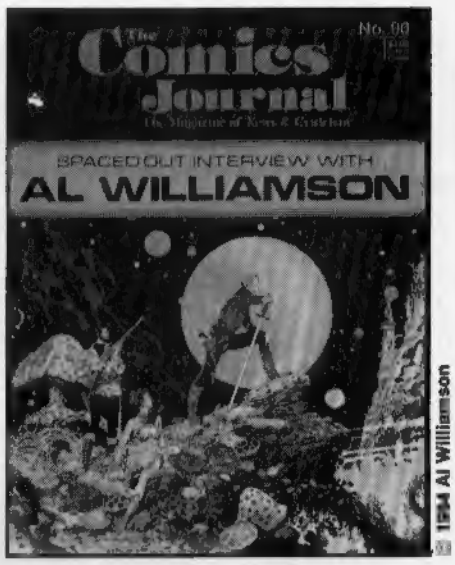


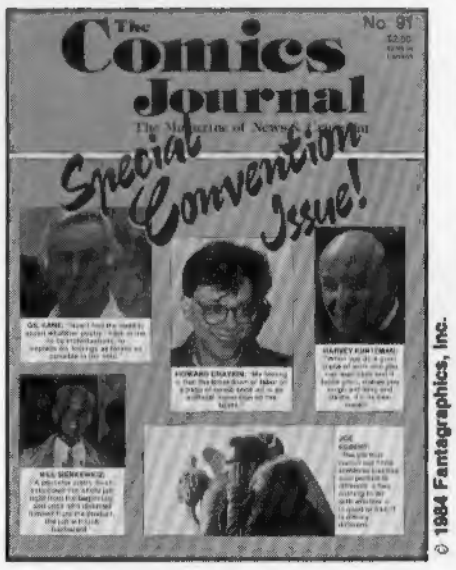


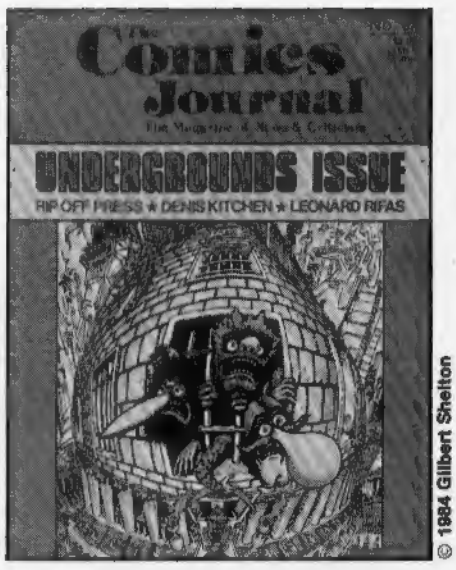
■ THE COMICS JOURNAL #89

WILL EISNER featured with two interviews and an original color cover; acid review of Marvel's Assistant Editor's month; FRANK MILLER, CHRIS CLAREMONT, WENDY PINI on panels; the best and worst of 1983 reviewed; critiques of *Elric, Sword of the Atom*, and *Star Raiders*.

■ THE COMICS JOURNAL #90

AL WILLIAMSON interviewed, with full-color Williamson cover; an essay on *Twisted Tales*; a column by HARLAN ELLISON; Japanese comics; the Eclipse line; letters from STEVE BISSETTE and FRANK MILLER; *Nathaniel Dusk, Cerebus* and *RAW* reviewed; plus news, and more.





■ THE COMICS JOURNAL #91

Special convention issue, publishing panels featuring artists (KANE, SIENKIEWICZ, SIM, KUBERT, CHAYKIN, et al.), editors (GOLD, GOODWIN, et al.), writers (JONES, WOLFMAN, et al.), and a special interview with HARVEY KURTZMAN! Plus reviews, letters, columns, and much more!

■ THE COMICS JOURNAL #92

Are undergrounds dead? Features interviews with GILBERT SHELTON and LEONARD RIFAS, a column by DENIS KITCHEN, more. Also, the death of Western Comics, HARLAN ELLISON, the pros' summer reading, news stories on Marvel's controversial art vaults, and much more!

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the first NEMO annual

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Editorial

What's New: What's Old

Welcome to the first *NEMO Annual*. It always gives me a laugh to see signs for the First Annual Elk's Picnic, or the First Annual Miss Semi Diesel Gal-Trucker's Beauty Contest. Normally things shouldn't be dubbed "Annual" until the official Second event is held.

This is a little different. The *NEMO Annual* is not just a celebration, or an anniversary issue, or even a Best-Of kind of collection. It is a new magazine, with a new format (larger than our *NEMO* bi-monthly), and new theme (more anont). Just as *The NEMO Bookshelf*, our ambitious series of reprint books, is a departure, so is the *NEMO Annual*.

Every year around Christmastime, we will be releasing this publication. Each issue will be devoted to a single theme, offering a broad overview of that subject, and a wonderful portfolio of artwork representing the best in that genre. This year, as a kickoff, we are making things properly festive with a laugh-filled, wacky collection of "Screwball Comics." Down the road we will present treatments of Detective Strips, Science-Fiction Comics, Strips of the Thirties, and the like.

The other characteristic of this publication is that it is largely a feast of visuals. A minimum of text will serve as a guidepost—in this issue Ron Goulart, Donald Phelps, and I provide some background and introduction—but otherwise these will be Art books, chock-full of graphic delights, reproduced in the fine manner to which *NEMO*, we trust, has accustomed you. Welcome . . . and enjoy.

Oh yes. This issue is also chock-full of nuts.

When categorizing any productions in the popular arts, you find that distinctions sometimes blur. There have been many genres and themes in the comics' relatively short lifespan, and many of them are closely related. Fantasy, for instance, is a theme that we have been exploring in recent issues of *NEMO*. Nonsense comics are similar, but *Pogo* is not really a blood relation of, say, *Little Nemo*. Whimsy reared its genteel head in strips like *Barnaby*, but I wouldn't call it a Screwball strip. Likewise the surrealism in *Krazy Kat*, the satire in *Li'l Abner*, and the broad slapstick of the '20s *Mutt and Jeff* are all distinct categories . . . but not quite what I call Screwball.

A lot of this is arbitrary anyway; we can't draw an exact parallel between classic Screwball-Comedy movies of the '30s like *Easy Living* and strips like *Smokey Stover*. But neither is Baroque architecture an approximation of the trends in Baroque music. Nevertheless here we are: We have a wonderful school of anarchic, freewheeling, sometimes absurdist comics strips. And Screwball they are.

No strip has been more requested by letter-writers asking for reprints in *NEMO* than *Smokey Stover*. It is a true classic, worthy of resurrection, and partially this demand has been responsible for choosing this inaugural Theme.

The special group of artists who created this inspired lunacy are likewise worthy of special attention. That hoary phrase about the fine lines between lunacy (please note my admiration for their unique brand) and genius is finding a home in this issue; fine lines, yes, and broad ones; pen and brush; but all dipped in some kind of a magic ink.

These artists have begged our pardons: Here *we* are, concerned with mundane, seemingly important and dignified pursuits, and they come along with their mirrors. These mirrors—their cartoons and strips—let us see the world in a different way, full of pretension, hypocrisies, contradictions, and absurdities. We laugh because their vision is so totally distorted. Or is it uncannily close to home?

The final point about Screwball Comics is that it doesn't matter all that much. The point is to have fun, to laugh, to discover new things about old things. Whether it's a familiar expression turned upside-down or a stuffed shirt that has just been punctured, whether it's the ridiculous aspects of your fellow man—or yourself . . . get behind the Screwball and enjoy.

See you next year for our Second Annual such party.

Richard Marschall

Disorderly Conduct

Bill Holman's *Smokey Stover* was never so much a revolution in comic style and technique as it was a merry dismantling of all such. Especially apposite was Holman's concentration on the gambols and inventive follies of the woozy fire department which featured Smokey Stover and was directed by Chief Cash U. Nutt; whose activities and Swingtime Baroque imagery suggested a visual accompaniment to a Spike Jones limb-from-limb rendition of "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." Smokey himself, with his lima-bean-shaped head, absentee chin, and tongue which lopped out foolishly like a happy dog's, was, of course, the proper heir of Ed Wynn's giggling fire Chief, on the Texaco-sponsored radio variety series of the '30s. Smokey's boisterous cohorts, recurrently addressed by Chief Nutt as "You girls," might have seemed a far counterpart to those ferocious and feckless competitors for "Hero of the Year," Mack Sennett's Keystone Kops. Certainly, Holman could hardly have lighted on a happier image for the comic tone he glorified than a fire department: regularly given to wholesale wreckage; benignly intended; distinguished by speed and clamor; plus the mythic scarlet of children's heroic fantasies and circus arenas. Just so did Holman lustily demolish a fourth panel of the comic strip, which many readers were never aware existed.

In the process, he provided apt volume and vocabulary for a tone which had become distinctive in America of the '30s: a cheeky aplomb, a careening insouciance steeped in daffiness (but also graced with occasional authentic invention) that often did not disguise, but was rather nurtured by, desperation and boredom—or the apprehension thereof. Holman's everyday Sunday panels came to resemble, by 1937 and '38, anatomies of a garage sale in the Market Place of Oz: chirping, clucking, and kazoo-ing with the puns that were Holman's favorite side-arm (also good for frontal assaults) at any hint of formal enclosure—a pretty girl's face with gently flaming locks (Fire Belle); a bowlful of tiny heads (Noodle Soup); a "Postage Stamp," in frenzied jig. Labels cheerfully identified some stumpy-looking equipment as "half hose," and a roll of camping gear as "Conn. tent".

Smokey Stover, like many seminally original works in all media, was at once a prophecy of certain styles and attitudes that would take decades to realize, not to say magnify, or deform. In the same process, and despite the surface raucousness, the strip was a rather low-keyed, offhandedly sweet elegy to a style—the desperate, sometimes farcically belligerent, all-purpose insouciance of the '30s—which would, with the '40s' end, be either lost or else transmuted beyond recall or reconstruction.

Smokey Stover's forebears included much of the stage, and a special vein of lippy, buoyant absurdity that was forecast by certain vaudeville and burlesque comedians: Ed Wynn, surely, with the whimsical gusto of his ebullient bonnets, pipes, and bicycles; but also Joe Cook, with his blithe *non sequiturs* ("How's your

DONALD PHELPS

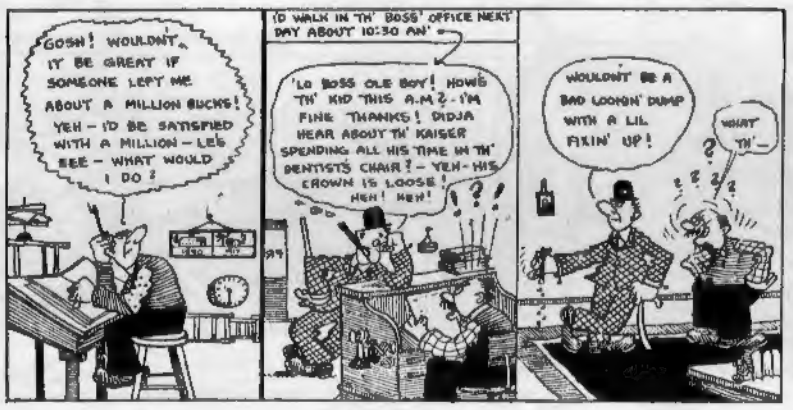
uncle?" "I don't have an uncle." "Well, how's *he*?"); and, certainly, the perennial free-fall of Gracie Allen's dithery ponderings. Despite the occasional fantastic paraphernalia, it's notable how many practitioners of this comic style made easy passage to radio, and how many exponents flowered through radio, during the '30s: the malapropisms of Jane Ace, on Goodman Ace's long-running domestic *capricio, Easy Aces;* the jocose wranglers of *It Pays to be Ignorant* (all old-line vaudeville regulars, stewed together in the then-shiny casserole of the radio quiz format). There was also the team whose corporate name became well-nigh emblematic of that decade's prevailing popular style—the duo of F. Chase Taylor, a sumptuously corpulent man, who, in drily gentle midwestern tones, uttered mild, aburdist patter, under the name of Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle and his *vis-a-vis*, flip, nasal Budd Hulick ("Budd"). Stoopnagle and Budd thrived in radio series for Schlitz Beer and Minute Tapioca, and replaced Fred Allen's Sunday night sallies during the vacation months. The Colonel was a featured guest on the opening night of Ed Gardner's durable *Duffy's Tavern* variety program, in 1939. I can, in truth, remember next to nothing today of the Colonel's non-stop fancies, save that he was given to zany inventions, like Ed Wynn's (though unseen); a long-running motif in itself, which Holman incorporated; he also made considerable humorous hay out of grafting "stoop" and "nagle" onto the appropriate ends of unoffending words. Capitalizing on the '20s/'30s mood of hysterical, vagrant silliness, the team, inevitably perhaps, vanished with the '40s; although Budd Hulick, with Sancho-like survival power, held out awhile as Arlene Francis's partner on the quiz shows "What's My Name?" and "Where Am I?"

These diverse zanies shared a breezy, oral invincibility that flowered in the fantasy-nurturing invisibility of radio; as did the authority of the Voice. I remember the images which radio fostered for me, at that period, as being rather amorphous, indeterminate, dream-like; or, when they were specific, linked to the images of comic-strips (long before I had seen them, I recall, Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa had, for me, the shapes of Mr. Simkins and Cam O'Flage, of *Somebody's Stenog*). Smokey Stover capitalized on both that chipper, irrepressible Voice, and that whimsical liberality of space. The Voice was essentially the flapper flipness of the '20s, toughened by the jut-jawed cockiness of Jimmy Cagney and the young Spencer Tracy; under far more drastic pressures, it would mutate, in the '40s, into the defiant wise-cracks of G.I.s, real and fictional; and, later still, of P.I.s, under the far-reaching tutelage of Hammett and Chandler.

Smokey Stover, in fact, had little to do with the bountiful fantasies of George Herriman or of Carlson's *Jingle Jangle Comics*. Far from projecting a landscape, Holman was concerned with disarranging one. Nor does the sovereignty and anarchic power of imagination figure in his work as it did unceasingly in Herriman's. *Smokey Stover* inherited a certain armature from the stage and its strictures, even in its resistance to them. The nurturing core for *Smokey Stover* was always the comic strip itself, and a freedom which was simply assumed, but never involved the setting up of armed camps. Holman's dismantling is never savage, as were Sennett's frenetic burlesques, or even Keaton's dark, precisely choreographed satires on American competitiveness and enterprise. One can imagine firemen without number chuckling at the wayward crew of *Smokey Stover*, yet never with the ruefulness accompanying satire's wincing targets; rather, in the spirit of delirious

EARLY, DAFFY CLASSICS—*Squirrel Food* was the first of Gene Ahern's several screwball classics: *Gallagher and Sheen* was a spinoff of the popular vaudeville team's routines (Sheen was the Marx Brothers' uncle); and *Daffy Doodles* was the otherwise staid Doc Winner's contribution to the genre.

SQUIRREL FOOD—


GOSH! WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF SOMEONE LEFT ME ABOUT A MILLION BUCKS! YEH – I'D BE SATISFIED WITH A MILLION – LE'S SEE – WHAT WOULD I DO?
I'D WALK IN TH' BOSS' OFFICE NEXT DAY ABOUT 10:30 AN' –
'LO BOSS OLE BOY! HOWS TH' KID THIS A.M.? – I'M FINE THANKS! DIDJA HEAR ABOUT TH' KAISER SPENDING ALL HIS TIME IN TH' DENTISTS CHAIR? – YEH – HIS CROWN IS LOOSE! HEH! HEH!
WOULDN'T BE A BAD LOOKIN' DUMP WITH A LIL FIXIN' UP!
WHAT TH'–

A DAY DREAM WE'VE ALL HAD.

—BY AHERN

GUESS I'LL BUY TH' JOINT FOR OLD TIMES SAKE AN' RUN IT ON TH' SIDE!
BUT MR. OATCAKE! THINK OF MY LIFE'S WORK! THINK OF MY WIFE, MY CHILDREN, MY CHAUFFEURS, MY SOCIAL POSITION!
DON'T LET THAT WORRY YOU MR. CRAWFISH – MY SECRETARY WILL SEE IF THERE'S A JOB OPEN – WASHING WINDOWS OR A FREIGHT ELEVATOR TO RUN! TA! TA!
SAY PETE! HERE'S A BUNCH OF VOUCHERS TH' BOSS WANTS DONE TONIGHT – ITS 5:28 NOW!

GALLAGHER AND SHEAN
By Jo Swerling
OH, MR. GALLAGHER, OH, MR. GALLAGHER! I SEE YOU MIX STONES WITH YOUR POULTRY FEED!
GRAVEL
FEED
YES, SIR, GRAVEL – QUITE A LOT – IT'S AN IDEA AH SIN GOT, IT SHOULD BE PROFITABLE – YES, INDEED!
OH, MR. SHEAN, OH, MR. SHEAN! THERE'S NO MONEY IN MERE EGGS, SEE, AND I MEAN – TO ENCOURAGE THEM TO LAY SOMETHING THAT IS BOUND TO PAY –
LAY WHAT? MR. GALLAGHER!
CACKLE CACKLE
SOCK
LAY BRICKS, MR. SHEAN!
ED. GALLAGHER'S BRICK LAYING HENS DO NOT ANNOY

DAFFY DOODLES
DIZZY THOUGHTS FROM OUR READERS
HOLDING THE THREAD OF A CONVERSATION
Tommy has your tongue, too?
BRAINSTORM BY MRS. GLADYS SEIDEN, HOLLYWOOD HOTEL, WEST END, N.J.
LOOKING FOR THE TEETH IN A TOOTH BRUSH
GO ON, TRY TO BITE ME
PLOT BY VIRGINIA BEAVERS, BLOOMINGTON, IND.
WATCHING A "CAKE-WALK"
MAN, THAT'S HOOFIN'!
WORDS AND MUSIC BY KATHLEEN HAVENS, LAMESA, CALIF.
LISTENING FOR THE CRACK OF DAWN
SOUNDS LIKE A ROOSTER CROWING
THIS THOUGHT BY KATHRYN BARKER, ENNIS, TEX.

camaraderie which Holman invokes, the same welcoming roars with which (as Stephen Becker tells us, in *Comic Art in America*) U.S. troops received Holman's "chalk talk" performance, in World War II. The *cuteys* and *loveys* that Smokey and Cash U. lavish on each other carry no erotic cachet at all—only the tradition of meaty travesty which enabled the youthful Wallace Beery to score silent-film success as a maladroit Swedish housemaid. There is none of Herriman's erotic purring and drawling. He is also less emphatically sweet than Rube Goldberg, whose antic fugues, even when mayhem is involved, feature a tone of courtly innocence. Goldberg's work strikes me as being rather European grounded: His tortuous *Inventions of Prof. Butts*, for instance, don't present, to my eyes, the sort of ambivalence featured in the work I have been describing; rather they come across as satires on bureaucracy to which Kafka (born only a few days away from Goldberg) might have acquiesced.

Holman's energy pattern is not the coiling, amorous shaping of fabulous imagination, but the darting hit-and-run of (non-lethal) mischief, fueled however by affection, not satiric spite or creative anarchy. In this respect, it's informative to consider other work by Holman during the *Smokey* era. The amiable, gallivanting black cat, Spooky, who often shared the Sunday page (lower half) with the Smokehouse gang, engaged in typical, mildly burlesqued, cat-like escapades, to the repeated wonder or dismay of his bachelor owner, Fenwick Flooky (usually seen in the leisurely dress of Turkish fez, double-bowled pipe, smoking jacket, and bare feet). The single-panel *Nuts and Jolts* under a variety of sub-titles ("It's All in Fun"; "Business is Business"; "Nice People"; "Zipper"—the latter, Spooky's canine counterpart) are also startlingly orthodox, with little of *Smokey Stover's* spatial mayhem and haphazard distractions. Holman's signal contribution to the increasingly text-locked, ever more illustrative comic strips of numerous contemporaries was the loving desecration of space in the name of a negligently assumed freedom, the spirit of which was probably itself the legacy of sports cartoons by TAD and the youthful Herriman. Such a contribution was accomplished without notable innovations in composition or the story-telling idiom; very little, at least, that can be spied from the eyes-front perusal of Holman's work. Yet the boisterous love that he proclaimed for his medium itself was a galvanizing counterforce to much that was speciously academic, or sentimental.

Probably the strongest motif in Smokey Stover's vagrant adventures was the long-enduring love-tussle, in America, of the human and the mechanical, which Holman usually showed in connubial jumble. It linked naturally to a kindred theme—that of decrepit vaudeville which haunted *Smokey Stover* and a number of '30s counterparts, notably Gene Ahern's *The Nut Brothers*.

COYOTE CANYON BILL
MUCH AS AH HATES TH' IDEA OF WORKIN'—I'VE GOTTA DO SOME OF IT OR THOSE HEARTLESS FOOLS WILL LET ME STARVE
NOW I'LL JUST STAND IN THIS HOLE AND MAKE 'EM THINK I'M IN THE BOX—I'LL HAVE SHORTY STICK HIS FEET OUT'A THE OTHER END OF THE BOX—THEN WE CAN PUT ON A SHOW
AN HOUR LATER—
STEP RIGHT UP FOLKS AND SEE A GUY SAW HIMSELF APART—ONLY TWO BITS!
TICKETS
25¢
SHUCKS-THAR'S NOTHIN' TO IT!
ZZZZ
WELL THE SHOW'S OVER FOLKS—HOPE YUH ENJOYED IT—AND DROP AROUND AGAIN SOMETIME!
A LITTLE LATER:
LET'S TRY THE NEXT TOWN!
HEY LOOK BOYS—IT'S ONLY A TRICK!
IT'S A FAKE
WE'VE BEEN GYPED
GET THEM MEN!
BANG!
BANG!

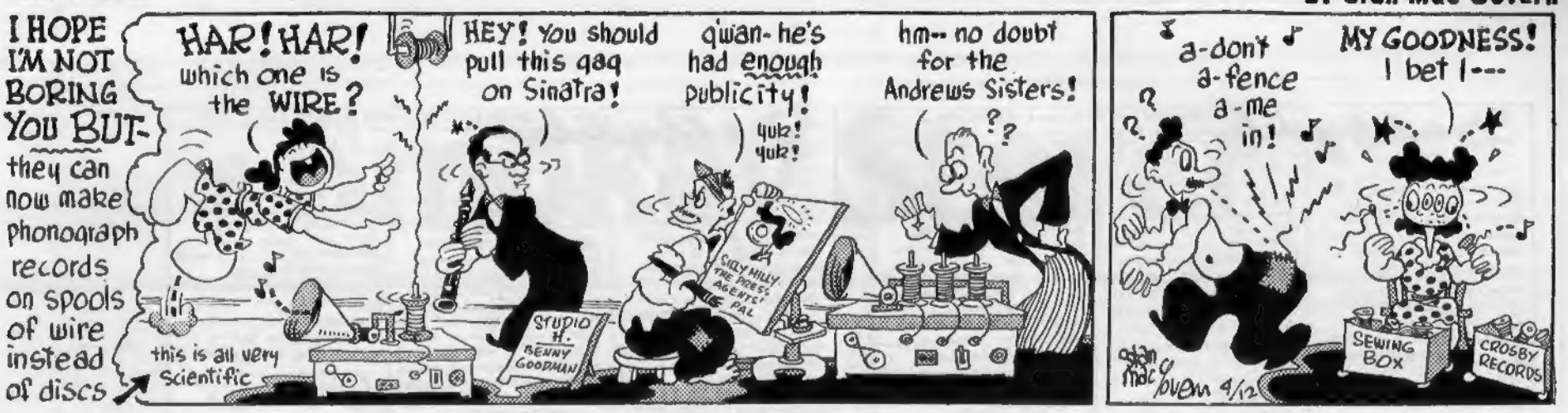
(Ches and Wal, whether impersonating Napoleonic soldiers or giant artichokes in their blackout-tempoed panels, were unmistakably vaudeville gag-chasers, their somewhat jaded flippancies akin to the dialogue of Major Hoople's boarders. By the late '30s, in fact, they had relinquished many of their surreal trappings, and were feverishly attempting to evict the impudent, upstaging extra, that solitary, white-whiskered hitchhiker with the cabalistic one-liner: "Nov Schmoz Ka Pop?")

The growing dessication of vaudeville was in the '30s a still-present, spiritually dampening phenomenon, one more neat and ready-minted metaphor of the Depression. It mated aptly with that fusion of passionate concern, distrust, and resentful scorn—nigh unto murder—which embodies many expressed American feelings towards machines and the quickening mechanical tempo in much of American life and

AVAST, YE SCHWAB—The zany Fred Schwab, still perky and active today, was a teenager when he was a dominant comic-book artist... in the pre-Golden Age.

popular art. *Smokey Stover* dallied suggestively with an eloquently suggestive variation of this theme: invention as rubbish, the attrition of the mechanical, as well as the recurrent inanity and futility of the inventive urge itself. Smokey's doctor effects a cure for smoking by issuing exploding cigars; Smokey saves on gas by installing a sponge under the hood of his Fire Buggy; Chief Nutt's luxuriously appointed office includes a built-in hand as head-rest on his chair, and a double-bowled pipe (the same brand favored by Fenwick), which the Chief occasionally fondles between his toes. The sovereign image of the mingled futility and elation that enriched Holman's work was probably the standard reaction of his characters to any shocks, setbacks, or even at

SILLY MILLY **By Stan Mac Govern**


I HOPE I'M NOT BORING YOU BUT- they can now make phonograph records on spools of wire instead of discs
HAR! HAR! which one is the WIRE?
this is all very scientific
HEY! You should pull this gag on Sinatra!
STUDIO H. BENNY GOODMAN
qwan- he's had enough publicity!
yuk! yuk!
SILLY MILLY THE PRESS AGENTS' PAL
hm-- no doubt for the Andrews Sisters!
a-don't a-fence a-me in!
MY GOODNESS! I bet I---
SEWING BOX
CROSBY RECORDS
stan mac govern 4/12

SILLY MILLY **By Stan Mac Govern**

GET A HORSE! Shortage forces use of makeshift N.Y.C. Police cars-- all shapes and colors
Pull over to the curb!
Thanks; but I never touch that stuff!
hic! hic!
look, Ed-- it's the new "PROWL CAR"!
hm! happy prowling!
SPIRIT OF THE MARDI GRAS 1938
follow that bandit!
SUITS
stan mac govern 4/16

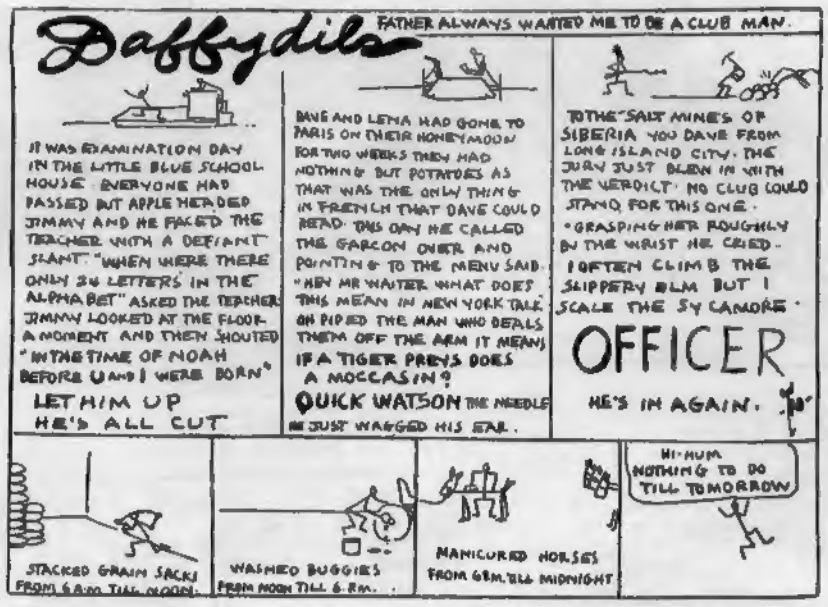
SILLY MILLY **By Stan Mac Govern**

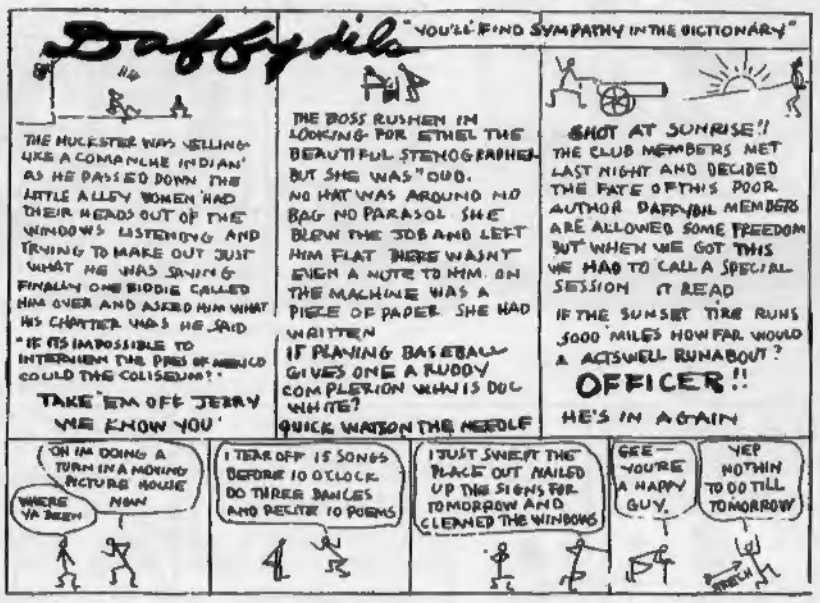
DON'T TELL MY WIFE, BUT-- I hear they want to liberalize New York's Divorce Laws
Pardon me- but you don't have to stand for that!
NO?
No! there are 6 new grounds for divorce in New York-- cruelty, and neglect, and--
Look, sister- you're just wasting your time---
Copr. 1945, New York Post
--we're not even ENGAGED!
POW! BAM! and --need I add-- SOCK!
stan mac govern 4/13

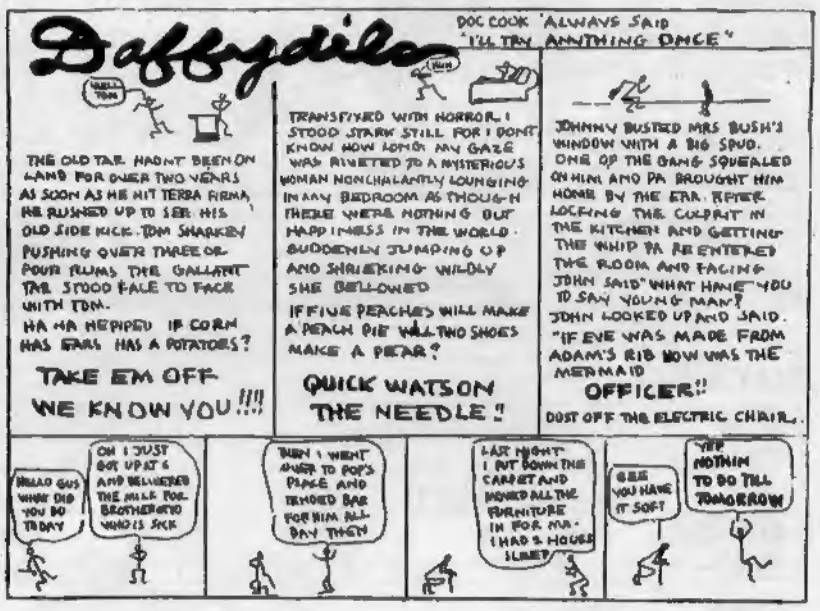
SILLY STUFF—Fondly recalled but seldom seen is *Silly Milly* by Stan McGovern, whose daffiness spilled over the pages of *The New York Post* in the 1940s.

OVERLEAF: THE GRANDADDY—The versatile TAD (Thomas Aloysius Dorgan, who also drew raucous sports cartoons and gentle suburban-family strips), created *Daffydills* in the first decade for the Hearst papers. His nuttiness thereby was the first of a long and . . . er, distinguished . . . tradition in comics.

Daffydils
"JOHN DONT FORGET TO WIND THE CLOCK AND FEED THE KITTY."
THE PARTNERS WERE IN AN AWFUL HURRY ABE HAD A LETTER FROM MOE - "WELL- PIPED THE PARTNER WHAT DOES HE SAY?' THEN ABE READ - "RAISING THE MAINE IS QUITE A BIG UNDERTAKING BUT CUTTING OFF THE STEPS ALONG FIFTH AVE IS A MORE STOOP-ENDOUS TASK - ITS THE HEAT!! HE'LL BE HIMSELF AGAIN IN A MINUTE OR SO.
THE FAT COP HAD JUST STARTED TO LEAD THE CONVICTED FELON AWAY WHEN THE JUDGE WHO HAD HEARD HIM MUTTERING CALLED THE PRISONER BACK AND BAWLED 'WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID'. THE PRISONER MEEKLY REPLIED 'OH - IF YOU TRIED TO WIN A GIRLS HEART JUST FOR FUN WOULD YOU CALL IT A CONQUEST'? QUICK WATSON THE NEEDLESSARY IMPLEMENTS
HE STOOD ON THE BRIDGE AT MIDNIGHT AS THE CLOCKS WERE STRIKING THE HOUR NO ONE HAD SPOKEN A WORD TO HIM THEY THOUGHT HE WAS DAFFY AND LET HIM ALONE SUDDENLY HE PULLED AN ATTORNEY'S POSE AND HOWLED. IF LONG WALKS CURE THE BLUES WHAT WILL EPICURE? OFFICER!! THE FELLOW WITH THE RED HAIR'
IMON A VACATION THIS WEEK AND THE WIFE'S FOLKS ARE HERE WALKED 'EM THROUGH THE PARK THIS MORN.
WALKED UP TO THE TOP OF LIBERTY STATUE THIS APT WITH EM AND THEN ALL THROUGH THE ZOO
THEY DONT WANT TO MISS A THING SO I WALKED EM ALL OVER THE EAST SIDE TONIGHT
GEE!! YOURE A HAPPY GUY
YEP- NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW


Daffydils
FATHER ALWAYS WANTED ME TO BE A CLUB MAN.
IT WAS EXAMINATION DAY IN THE LITTLE BLUE SCHOOL HOUSE EVERYONE HAD PASSED BUT APPLE HEADED JIMMY AND HE FACED THE TEACHER WITH A DEFIANT SLANT "WHEN WERE THERE ONLY 24 LETTERS IN THE ALPHABET" ASKED THE TEACHER JIMMY LOOKED AT THE FLOOR A MOMENT AND THEN SHOUTED "IN THE TIME OF NOAH BEFORE U AND I WERE BORN" LET HIM UP HE'S ALL CUT
DAVE AND LENA HAD GONE TO PARIS ON THEIR HONEYMOON FOR TWO WEEKS THEN HAD NOTHING BUT POTATOES AS THAT WAS THE ONLY THING IN FRENCH THAT DAVE COULD READ. THIS ONE HE CALLED THE GARCON OVER AND POINTING TO THE MENU SAID "HEH MR WAITER WHAT DOES THIS MEAN IN NEW YORK TALK" OH PIPED THE MAN WHO DEALS THEM OFF THE ARM IT MEANS IF A TIGER PREYS DOES A MOCCASIN? QUICK WATSON THE NEEDLE HE JUST WAGGED HIS EAR.
TO THE SALT MINES OF SIBERIA YOU DAVE FROM LONG ISLAND CITY. THE JURY JUST BLEW IN WITH THE VERDICT. NO CLUB COULD STAND FOR THIS ONE. "GRASPING HER ROUGHLY BY THE WRIST HE CRIED. I OFTEN CLIMB THE SLIPPERY ELM BUT I SCALE THE SYCAMORE. OFFICER HE'S IN AGAIN.
STACKED GRAIN SACKS FROM 6 A.M TILL NOON.
WASHED BUGGIES FROM NOON TILL 6 P.M.
MANICURED HORSES FROM 6 P.M. TILL MIDNIGHT
HI-HUM NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW


Daffydils
"YOU'LL FIND SYMPATHY IN THE DICTIONARY"
THE HOUSTER WAS YELLING LIKE A COMANCHE INDIAN AS HE PASSED DOWN THE LITTLE ALLEY WOMEN HAD THEIR HEADS OUT OF THE WINDOWS LISTENING AND TRYING TO MAKE OUT JUST WHAT HE WAS SAYING FINALLY ONE BIDDIE CALLED HIM OVER AND ASKED HIM WHAT HIS CHATTER WAS HE SAID "IF ITS IMPOSSIBLE TO INTERVIEW THE PRES OF MEXICO COULD THE COLISEUM?" TAKE 'EM OFF JERRY WE KNOW YOU'
THE BOSS RUSHED IN LOOKING FOR ETHEL THE BEAUTIFUL STENOGRAPHER BUT SHE WAS "OUD. NO HAT WAS AROUND NO BAG NO PARASOL SHE BLEW THE JOB AND LEFT HIM FLAT THERE WASNT EVEN A NOTE TO HIM. ON THE MACHINE WAS A PIECE OF PAPER SHE HAD WRITTEN IF PLAYING BASEBALL GIVES ONE A RUDDY COMPLEXION WHY IS DOC WHITE? QUICK WATSON THE NEEDLE
SHOT AT SUNRISE!! THE CLUB MEMBERS MET LAST NIGHT AND DECIDED THE FATE OF THIS POOR AUTHOR DAFFYDIL MEMBERS ARE ALLOWED SOME FREEDOM BUT WHEN WE GOT THIS WE HAD TO CALL A SPECIAL SESSION IT READ IF THE SUNSET TIRE RUNS 5000 MILES HOW FAR WOULD A ACTSWELL RUNABOUT? OFFICER!! HE'S IN AGAIN
OH IM DOING A TURN IN A MOVING PICTURE HOUSE NOW WHERE YA BEEN
I TEAR OFF 15 SONGS BEFORE 10 O'CLOCK DO THREE DANCES AND RECITE 10 POEMS
I JUST SWEPT THE PLACE OUT NAILED UP THE SIGNS FOR TOMORROW AND CLEANED THE WINDOWS
GEE— YOURE A HAPPY GUY.
YEP NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW


Daffydils
DOC COOK ALWAYS SAID "I'LL TRY ANYTHING ONCE"
THE OLD TAR HADNT BEEN ON LAND FOR OVER TWO YEARS AS SOON AS HE HIT TERRA FIRMA HE RUSHED UP TO SEE HIS OLD SIDE KICK TOM SHARKEY PUSHING OVER THREE OR FOUR RUMS THE GALLANT TAR STOOD PALE TO FACE WITH TOM. HA HA HE PIPED IF CORN HAS EARS HAS A POTATOES? TAKE EM OFF WE KNOW YOU!!!
TRANSFIXED WITH HORROR I STOOD STARK STILL FOR I DONT KNOW HOW LONG MY GAZE WAS RIVETTED TO A MYSTERIOUS WOMAN NONCHALANTLY LOUNGING IN AAN BEDROOM AS THOUGH THERE WERE NOTHING BUT HAPPINESS IN THE WORLD. SUDDENLY JUMPING UP AND SHRIEKING WILDLY SHE BELLOWED IF FIVE PEACHES WILL MAKE A PEACH PIE WILL TWO SHOES MAKE A PEAR? QUICK WATSON THE NEEDLE!!
JOHNNY BUSTED MRS BUSH'S WINDOW WITH A BIG SPUD. ONE OF THE GANG SQUEALED ON HIM AND PA BROUGHT HIM HOME BY THE EAR. AFTER LOCKING THE CULPRIT IN THE KITCHEN AND GETTING THE WHIP PA REENTERED THE ROOM AND FACING JOHN SAID "WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY YOUNG MAN? JOHN LOOKED UP AND SAID. "IF EVE WAS MADE FROM ADAM'S RIB HOW WAS THE MERMAID OFFICER!! DUST OFF THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.
HELLO GUS WHAT DID YOU DO TODAY
OH I JUST GOT UP AT 6 AND DELIVERED THE MILK FOR BROTHERHYD WHO IS SICK
THEN I WENT OVER TO POP'S PLACE AND TENDED BAR FOR HIM ALL DAY THEN
LAST NIGHT I PUT DOWN THE CARPET AND MOVED ALL THE FURNITURE IN FOR MA- I HAD A HOUSE SLIDE!
GEE YOU HAVE IT SOFT
YEP NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW

times mild surprise: They would literally go to pieces—not only would their false teeth bound from their mouths, proclaiming their independence with a "Wowl," "Whoopee!" or—Holman's ubiquitous non-word and a high-school craze during my youth—"Foo." In like fashion, their ears would depart their heads; Smokey's wife Cookie would discharge her wig, displaying an alarmingly naked pate; in moments of climactic abandon, Chief Nutt would leap from his trousers, exhibiting those all-season burlesque garments, red flannel long-johns.

Holman's desultory recklessness as he periodically disassembled his characters and riddled his sets, and his innocuous ruthlessness, echo—faintly and cheerfully—the savage questings of Edgar Allen Poe, literary godsire to Smokey and many another one-man wrecking crews. Poe's comic extravaganzas of dissolution and dismemberment include *King Pest, Loss of Breath,* and that supreme satiric allegory of fame in America, *The Man Who Was Used Up.* The veteran of Southwest Indian battles, whom the aghast narrator watches being reconstructed from a nondescript lump, has been born anew, on television, not only in the *Bionic Man/Woman* series, but in such pertinent lampoons as Chuck McCann's no-quarter depiction of Robert Cummings readying himself for an interview. Poe's presentation was the dissolution of a living legend...only one guise of the dissolution that was both muse and fury to the feverish bolting of Poe's own career. The preoccupations of his comedy, however, passed on in large part to another, far lesser, august American storyteller (and kindred predecessor of Bill Holman): L. Frank Baum, who attempted to cross-fertilize the ancient themes and personages of fairy-tales with bequests of the Industrial Revolution: balloons, robots like Tik Tok, and yet another proto-Bionic Man: the Tin Woodsman. Beyond such exterior decorations, Baum proposed a tone and tempo—bustling, wise-cracking, pithy—which, as Pauline Kael ably pointed out in her review of *The Wiz,* was derived from the American stage with which Baum was familiar, and forecast a style still in gestation.

The tone and style that were Bill Holman's legacy to popular humor converted the heritage described above into weightless nonchalance. As such they are as hard to assign as to transmit; yet in *Smokey Stover* such tone did achieve distinction, such that even without prankish decor and side-inventions, Holman's voice alone can tickle us with the sense of fluttering, indistinct edges that his conveyed personality delivers. And—though, of course, not by Holman's authorship alone—the voice was infectious throughout the '30s and '40s. Much of Holman's mock-listless caprice can be found in *Professor Fiend* and *Hemlock Sholmes*: parodies which, in his teens (an ideal breeding period, at least at that time) the talented Fred Schwab was drawing for *Fantastic Comics, More Fun Comics,* and others. Fred Schwab's boneless, knockabout style—racy and eccentrically efficient, as well—was possibly influenced by the syncopated benders of Milt Gross, an early admiration of Schwab. In the *New York Post Post* of the late '30s and early '40s, Stan MacGovern's eccentric news survey, *Silly Milly* (originally, *Extra!*), while vapid and cliche-loaded, even by that period's liberal standards, generated some residual perkiness through its slapdash echoes of Matisse and Stuart Davis; while, at the same time in the *Post,* that shambling shamus Dinky Dinkerton, drawn by Art Huhta, gave some spirited reprise, with a store of occasionally ingenious puns (a playwright's debut has the audience in tiers) to the '30s' vagabond irreverence. And, as late as 1947, in *PM* Cecil Jensen's piquant *Elmo,* a sardonic lampoon of Frank Capra's Messrs. Deeds and Smith, sounded a last, muted bell for that vanishing fire engine.

And the Fireman rushes in
From the pouring rain.
Very strange.

—"Penny Lane"
The Beatles

Smokey Stover

YOU'VE BEEN WORKING THERE FOR TWO HOURS, CHIEF – WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?
I WANNA GET THIS JOB DONE BEFORE THE MAYOR GETS HERE!
HEAD SQUIRT

I PUT MY OLD MAN TO WORK AT THE FIRE HOUSE TO HELP OUT WITH THE PAINTING, SMOKEY!
SWELL- NOW WE'LL GET DONE IN NO TIME!
A PAIR FOO IS NO ROBBERY

DON'T BE MAD AT SPARKS, CHIEF – AFTER ALL, A DOG IS MAN'S BEST FRIEND!
NOT THIS MAN'S – I THINK WE OUGHTA GET RID OF THE MUTT!
NOTICE SCRAM GRAVY AUNT WAVEY

WHATCHA GOT UNDER YOUR ARM, CHIEF?
A DOZEN PORTRAIT PICTURES OF SPARKS AND ME, AND ARE THEY SNAPPY SHOTS!
YOU'RE A BETTER GOO THAN I AM GUNGA FOO

WHAT D'YA THINK OF 'EM, GIRLIE?
THE HOUND LOOKS SWELL, BUT YOU LOOK AS SORE AS A BRUISED KNEE!

WHY THE HECK DIDN'T YOU LOOK HAPPY?
HAPPY?- HOW THE HECK COULD I -

THESE THINGS COST ME 50 BUCKS A DOZEN!

GREETINGS, CHIEF - HAVE YOU LOST ANY WEIGHT?
I MUST HAVE - I CAN'T BE SO FAT AFTER ALL!
HEAD SQUEEZE

THE OTHER DAY A FOOTOGRAPHER CAME IN AND TOOK MY PICTURE FOR SOME AD- HE SAID IT'D BE ON THE BILLBOARDS TODAY!
SWELL- LET'S RUN OUT AND TAKE A LOOK!

MAYOR SPIKER WILL SURE BE THRILLED WHEN HE SEES I'M A CELEBRITY!
YES - YOU'RE A BIGGER MAN THAN I THOUGHT!
SPARKS

DON'T LOOK LIKE THIS HORRIBLE SPECIMEN! -
SLENDERIZE WITH SCRAMO REDUCING TABLETS- AT ALL DRUGGISTS.
SR
YO
TH

BONG BONG BONG
HOT DOG! - HOLMAN GOT A FIRE IN THE STRIP AT LAST!

LET'S GO, CHIEF!
AW, TAKE YOUR TIME - IT'S ONLY RUEGER'S BARN THAT HAS THAT INSULTING POSTER OF ME PASTED ON IT!

HOW DO YOU KNOW? - YOU HAVEN'T EVEN LOOKED AT OUR CALL BOARD!
THIS IS ONE TIME I DON'T HAVE TO -
HEAD SQUEEZE

I SET FIRE TO THAT BARN MYSELF!
BONG DING DONG

I CAN'T PICTURE YOU BUYING A CAMERA, SMOKEHOUSE!
I'LL ADMIT IT'S SNAP JUDGMENT, BUT AT LAST I'M GONNA OWN ONE!
MERCI BEAU FOO

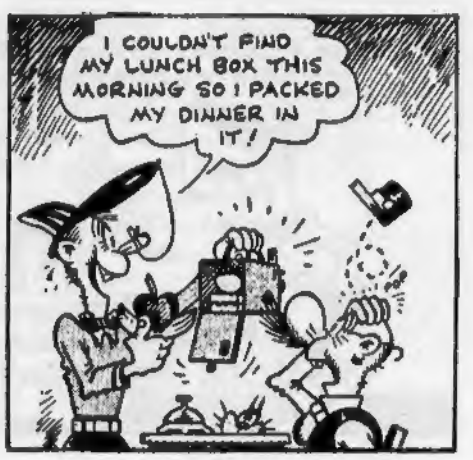
NOW TAKE IT EASY - DON'T BUY THE FIRST THING YOU SEE - BETTER TEST IT OUT!
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, CUTIE - TURN AROUND AND SMILE!

BUT SHUCKS, CHIEF - I DIDN'T NOTICE WE WERE IN THE TOY DEPT.!
SODAS & SUNDRIES
HARD GOODS BACK & FRONT

MAYBE SMOKEY WASN'T SUCH A DOPE, AFTER ALL, BUYING THAT CAMERA - I'LL TRY IT OUT WHILE HE'S NOT AROUND!

WHILE YOU WERE OUT, I GOT ONE OF THE BOYS TO TAKE MY PICTURE WITH YOUR CAMERA!
YOU WASTED YOUR TIME - IT WON'T BE ANY GOOD, CHIEF!
YOU'RE A SWEET LITTLE FOO ACHE

WHAT D'YA MEAN - THERE WAS FILM IN IT, WASN'T THERE?
SURE - IT'S LOADED -


I COULDN'T FIND MY LUNCH BOX THIS MORNING SO I PACKED MY DINNER IN IT!

SMOKEY STOVER

SQUIRTED AROUND BY THE BILL HOLMAN GLEE FACTORY

LET'S GO SEE IF YOUR CAR'S READY, CHIEF - I HOPE THEY GOT THAT KNOCK OUT OF THE MOTOR!
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!
HOW ABOUT IT BUD - IS SHE ALL SET?
FAR AS I KNOW - HELP YOUR SELF!
CHIEF NUTT
F.D.
FOO
KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK
2x5=10
LISTEN TO THAT, CHIEF - I'D TAKE IT RIGHT BACK!
OF ALL THE BUM JOBS - THEY CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!
KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK
WHAT'S THE IDEA - TURNING A CAR OVER TO ME IN THIS CONDITION - I WANT THAT KNOCK FIXED!
WHO SAID IT WAS FIXED. DOPE?
KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK
THE MECHANIC IS STILL WORKIN' ON IT!
KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK

Reg U S Pat Off
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SMOKEY STOVER

HUNG WEEKLY IN THE BILL ● HOLMAN GIGGLE GALLERIES

HOW ABOUT GETTING OFF EARLY, CHIEF - THE WIFE AND I ARE INVITED TO A NEW YEAR PARTY!
O.K. - SCRAM!
NOTICE
THIS MEANS YOU
THREE CHEERS FOR CASH U. NUTT!
EVERY-BODY'S TRUCKIN'
1874
BONK
SMOKEHOUSE! - WHAT IN THE WORLD HAPPENED?
A TRUCK TAGGED ME!
DID YOU GET THE LICENSE NUMBER?
I'LL SAY I DID!
CUT-UPS FOR GROWN-UPS
HELP SMOKEHOUSE WELCOME IN THE NEW YEAR.
QUIETLY CUT OUT THE NOISE AND PASTE HERE
THE NOISE
TOOT

TINKER'S DAM FIRE DEPT
A LETTER FOR ME? THANKS!
O.K. SMOKEY!
U.S.M.
SMOKEY STOVER
SQUIRTED ATCHA
BY BILL HOLMAN
DANG THIS WIND!
HUGH CASH
APRIL FOOL
CUT-UPS FOR GROWN-UPS
JOIN SMOKEY STOVER'S PENSION PARTY— HOW TO RETIRE BEFORE DARK
FILL IN YOUR OWN AMOUNT
BANKS OF THE WABASH SYCAMORE BRANCH 1936 No.
PAY TO THE ORDER OF
DOLLARS
Don G. Sackafeller
CUT OUT CHECK AND CASH.
IF THE ABOVE CHECK BOUNCES TRY ONE OF THESE SUM FUNDS-EH, KID?
Reg U S Pat Off
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SMOKEY STOVER
KNITTED BY THE BILL HOLMAN LOONEY TICKLERS
CLANG CLANG CLANG
LAWNS DAMPENED 25¢
LAWNS WATERED 50¢
THAT'LL KEEP HIM OUT TILL I CAN FIND SOMETHING TO PLUG THAT HOLE WITH!
NOTICE
HEY!, SMOKEY- WHERE'S MY NEW GOLD-HEADED CANE?
IT'S IN THAT RAT HOLE, CHIEF!
TOOL BOX
$40.00
GOODY!
CUT-UPS FOR GROWN-UPS
SHEAR DELIGHT
NOTICE TO DESPONDENT GOLFERS - TRY A NEW SWING.
CUT ON DOTTED LINE AND PUT HEAD THROUGH HERE
SWING MUSIC
IF YOU DON'T GET THE HANG OF THIS DROP US A LINE AND WE'LL SHOW YOU THE ROPES
Reg U S Pat Off
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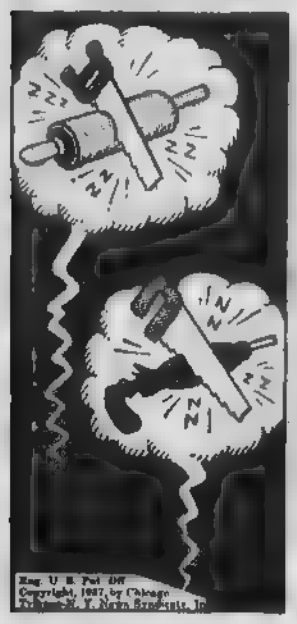
SMOKEY STOVER

SANDPAPERED BY THE BILL HOLMAN GRIME CLUB
PASSED BY THE PURE FOO LAW

THIS IS A SCORCHER OF A NIGHT, SMOKEY- WE WONT SLEEP A WINK IN THIS HEAT!
LIKE FUN WE WONT- WHAT HAVE WE GOT A TENT FOR? LET'S SLEEP OUTDOORS WHERE IT'S COOL!
TINKERS DAM FIRE DEPT
AUG 1

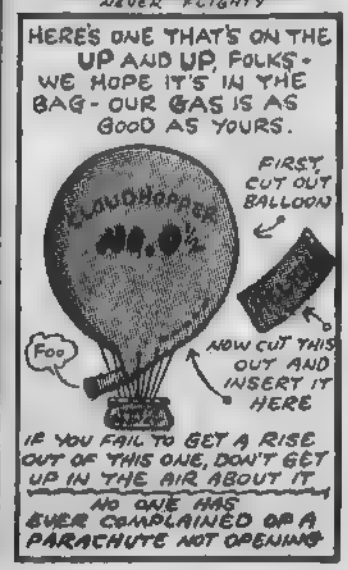
YOU MUST HAVE GOTTEN YOUR BRAINS OUTTA HOCK- THIS IS THE FIRST SENSIBLE IDEA YOU'VE HAD IN YEARS!
I DO GET A BRIGHT THOUGHT NOW AND THEN!
A.J. CONN
TENT

HERE'S A GOOD PLACE TO PITCH OUR TENT, CHIEF- BUT WATCH THAT GULLY- I NEARLY FELL DOWN!
AH!- FEEL THAT AIR- AND WHAT A NICE SANDY SPOT- FUNNY I NEVER NOTICED ANY SAND AROUND HERE BEFORE!



CUT-UPS FOR GROWN-UPS

NEVER FLIGHTY


HERE'S ONE THAT'S ON THE UP AND UP, FOLKS- WE HOPE IT'S IN THE BAG- OUR GAS IS AS GOOD AS YOURS.
CLOUDHOPPER NO. 0½
FIRST, CUT OUT BALLOON
Foo
NOW CUT THIS OUT AND INSERT IT HERE
IF YOU FAIL TO GET A RISE OUT OF THIS ONE, DON'T GET UP IN THE AIR ABOUT IT
NO ONE HAS EVER COMPLAINED OF A PARACHUTE NOT OPENING

SMOKEY STOVER

BATTED OUT BY THE BILL HOLMAN BASE BURNERS

GOSH!- THAT'S A TOUGH BREAK- THE BEST GAME OF THE SEASON AND EVERY SEAT SOLD!
WE'LL HAVE TO RIDE AROUND TILL THE GAME'S OVER- THE WIFE GAVE ME THOSE DUCATS AND SHE'D CROWN ME IF SHE KNEW I LOST THEM!

WOW!- THAT WAS A SWELL BALL GAME - HUH, CHIEF?
AND HOW, SMOKEY - THE BEST I EVER SAW!
STOP KIDDING, BOYS - YOU DIDN'T SEE THAT GAME!
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JUNE 20

CUT-UPS FOR GROWN-UPS

LAST BUT NOT LEAST

HERE'S A BOOTY THAT'S GOOD FOR YOUR SOLE - SO DON'T BE A HEEL - GIVE THE CAT A LACING - WE WISH SHOE LUCK
MEOW!
MEOW!
FIRST CUT MEOWT- THEN SET ME ON FENCE
I CAT TAKE IT - I'M FELINE FINE.
NOW CUT OUT SHOE AND PEE AWAY
SIDE KICKS
A FOOL AND HIS FLIVVER ARE SOON CARTED.

SMOKEY STOVER

BY BILL HOLMAN, DOCTOR OF FOOLOSOPHY

WELL - SO LONG, CHIEF - I'M ON MY WAY TO THE PIER TO CATCH SOME FISH!

DON'T BE FINNY - THE ONLY BITE YOU'LL GET IS A MOSQUITO STING!

VISIT BOTH WORLD'S FOOS

I'LL BET YOU A FIN THIS BASKET'LL BE FULL WHEN I GET BACK!

OKAY - I'LL TAKE THAT BAIT, SUCKER!

HOLY MACKEREL! - WHAT A MESS!!

POP WAS A SUCKER FOR A LEFT HOOK!

HEY, YOU BIG EEL - DID YOU CATCH ALL THOSE FISH IN THERE!

YEP - I TOLD YOU I WAS NO PIKER!

COD SHARK

WHAT KIND OF A POLE DID YOU USE?

I DIDN'T HAVE A POLE -

WOW!

JUNE 4

I USED A VACUUM CLEANER!

FOO LOSOPHY

GENERALLY SPEAKING, OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS - IT IS ONLY TO A WOMAN IT COMES WITH A RING

THE 3 R'S OF MATRIMONY - ROMANCE RICE, ROCKS.

SMOKEY STOVER

BY BILL HOLMAN, BONEHEAD BONE POLISHER

HEY, SMOKEY - LISTEN TO THIS - MIN LINN OUT IN CRAWFORDSVILLE IS SENDING US A FIRE DOG BY EXPRESS!

GREAT DANE - AT LAST - I'VE BEEN HOUNDING YOU FOR A DOG'S AGE TO GET A MUTT!

BAG PIPE

SHE'S SENDING IT "COLLECT" - WONDER WHAT THE FREIGHT WILL BE?

I JUST PHONED THE EXPRESS OFFICE - THE COST IS 5 BUCKS FOR A DOG!

U.S.M. MAIL POOCH

HERE COMES THE DELIVERY TRUCK, CHIEF - IT'S OUR DOG! IT'S OUR DOG!

FOO FOO FOO FOO FOO FOO FOO FOO

BAG PIPE

POP

NICE GOING, BUD - HERE'S YOUR 5 BUCKS!

5 BUCKS NOTHING - YOU OWE ME EIGHTY BUCKS!

MUD POODLE

DOG WOOD

EIGHTY BUCKS? STOP CLOWNING - ALL WE'RE GETTING IS ONE DOG!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

$5

POOF

DOG WOOD

OCT 7

IF ALL THE HOT DOGS CONSUMED ON SUNDAY WERE LAID END TO END IT WOULD BE A LOT OF BALONEY

STOVER

By SLEIGH BELL HOLMAN

FOO BELOW ZERO

BOB

BOUNCIN' SNOWBALLS! - IT'S SO COLD THE STREET CARS ARE ALL TIED UP - AND HOW I HATE THAT 3-MILE HIKE TO THE FIRE HOUSE!

STAND PIPE

HELP! HELP! FIRE!

MY HOUSE

KEEP COOL, BUD - IN 2 MINUTES A FLOCK OF FIRE ENGINES WILL BE TRUCKIN' ON DOWN!

ON AN ICICLE BUILT FOR FOO

WOW! - THE ICE ON THIS FIRE BOX IS A FOOT THICK, BUT NOTHING STOPS ME!

HEY - MY HOUSE IS HALF BURNED DOWN - CAN'TCHA HURRY WITH THAT AXE?

STOP TALKIN' CHOP - ONE MORE SWING'LL DO THE JOB!

WHAM

AH! - AT LAST!

HOW SWEET OF YOU GIRLS - I'VE BEEN WANTING TO MAIL THIS LETTER ALL DAY!

MAIL BOX

Foo Loophy

AN APPLE A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY, BUT YOU HAVE TO USE TOMATOES ON BILL COLLECTORS.

SMOKEY STOVER

BILL HOLMAN

HAPPY WICK END!

THEY'RE HARMLESS, SIR - THEY LOOK LIKE FIRECRACKERS, BUT THEY'RE ONLY FILLED WITH JELLY BEANS!

I'LL TAKE ONE FOO MY SON - THE ONLY THING THIS CAN HURT IS HIS FEELINGS!

BOMB-BOMBS

JULY SALE ON MARCH MALLOWS

HEY, EARL, LOOK WHAT YOUR POP BLEW IN WITH!

BAM

WOWIE - I'LL HAVE A BANG-UP TIME WITH THAT!

HECK - IT DIDN'T GO OFF - BUT I KNOW HOW TO FIX THAT!

THIS IS WHAT IT NEEDS - TO TAKE THE WICK OUT AND PUT MORE POWDER IN THIS LITTLE HOLE!

HOW YOU DOIN' WITH YOUR GIANT FIRECRACKER, SON?

I LIT IT, BUT IT DIDN'T GO OFF - I'M GONNA TRY IT AGAIN!

HEY, POP - BE CAREFUL - LOOK OUT!

DON'T BE SUCH A BABY - THIS HARMLESS THING CAN'T-

SSSS

JUNE 30

BOOM

HEY - YOU SOLD ME A DUD - THIS DARN THING EXPLODED!

HOW ABOUT TWO FUSE TILL TUESDAY?

GUN DROPS

POP 5¢

FOOMOUS PEOPLE

CLAP HANDS FOR CLEM CHOWDER

THE PEPPERY OLD SALT WHO DIGS ALL THE CLAMS THAT PEOPLE SHUT UP LIKE.

MOKEY TOVER

BY BILL HOLMAN
THYME KEEPER

MR BLOTT AT THE BLUE PLATE PLAZA CALLED UP TO CHEW THE FAT, CHIEF - HE SAYS TO DROP IN AND PICK UP YOUR NEW MEAL TICKET!

WELL, PICKLE MY PARSNIPS! WHY DON'T YOU HOP DOWN TO THAT FEED FACTORY AND GET IT FOR ME?

TOOLZ

LOVE LADDER

BUT, BOSS - I'M BUSY REFLEDGING THE FLODGEHOISTER - WHY CAN'T SPARKS GO AFTER IT?

WHY NOT? THAT'S A DOGGONE GOOD IDEA!

TOOLZ

REF-EDGER

LOBSTER ALA NEWBURG

BLUE PLATE PLAZA

THAT WAS QUICK - YOU SURE WEREN'T RETARDED, SPARKS - JUST FOO THAT, I DUG YOU UP A BIG BONE!

SMOKING JACKET

WHY, YOU HALF-BAKED, PARBOILED, MEALY-MOUTHED IDIOT!

I'LL BITE - WHAT'S EATING **YOU**?

BONE OF CONTENTION

LOOK AT MY MEAL TICKET - OVER 12 BUCKS' WORTH OF GRUB PUNCHED OUT OF IT!

GOSH - I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT THAT MUTT'S MOLARS!

THIS WEEK'S BIG WIND IS JULIUS SNEEZER

THE SNOOTY OLD GENT WHO MANUFACTURES ALL THE SNUFF PEOPLE AREN'T UP TO.

MOKEY TOVER

BY BILL HOLMAN
CLAMOR BOY

JIMINY CHRISTMAS! - ONLY A WEEK AND A HALF TILL MR. CLAUS DOES HIS STUFF - IT'S THE SAME OLD PROBLEM - WHAT'LL I GET THE CHIEF?

GLUE

PIPE LION

THAT'S A SMART MOVE, CHIEF - YOU CAN'T GO WRONG BUYING A HOUSE!

YOU OUGHTA SEE IT, FORREST - IT'S GOT 8 BIG ROOMS - RED SHUTTERS AND A SWELL PORCH!

GOING GOING GONG

FORREST PHIRE

SO THE CHIEF BOUGHT A HOUSE - THERE'S GOBS OF GIFTS I CAN BUY THE OLD HOME OWNER NOW!

DEPT. STORE

FLOWER POTS

DOOR CHIMES

WELCOME MAT

MAIL BOX

BIRD BATH

AND IRONS

$18.95

$13.50

WELL, TRIM MY SHOE TREES! - WHAT'S ALL THAT STUFF, SMOKE!

CHRISTMAS CHEER FOO THE CHIEF - I HEARD HIM TELL YOU ABOUT HIS NEW HOUSE SO I BOUGHT SOME SWELL STUFF TO DRESS IT UP!

BIRD BATH

MAIL BOX

DOOR CHIMES

AND IRONS

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
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BUT, SMOKEY - YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT!

WHY NOT?! - THE OLD FIRE PLUG AND I ARE PALS - I WANNA SURPRISE THE LITTLE SQUIRT ON XMAS!

GIFT TILL IT HURTS

CHEEP BIRD BATH

FOOT STOOL

BOYOBOY - YOU'RE SURE GONNA SURPRISE HIM - THE CHIEF WAS ONLY TELLING ME ABOUT A CARDBOARD **DOLL HOUSE** HE BOUGHT FOR HIS LITTLE NIECE!

HAW HAW HE HE

HA! HA HA!

ULP! - AND I ALREADY PAID FOR THE PORCH FOONITURE!

NORTH POLE

JINGLE BELL JINGLE JINGLE

Foomous People

TODAY'S CURRENT ATTRACTION IS IPSWITCH K. KILOWATT

VOLT FOR ME!

THE ELECTRICAL WIZARD WHO GENERATES ALL THE GREASED LIGHTNING PEOPLE ARE FASTER THAN.

SMOKEY STOVER

PAINT IN THE NECK BY THE BELL HOLMAN GONGDOLIERS DOCTOR OF FOOLOSOPHY

A LETTER FROM THE MAYOR'S OFFICE? WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, CHIEF?

HE'S COMIN' OVER TO INSPECT THE FIRE HOUSE - WE GOTTA GET BUSY AND BRIGHTEN THIS PLACE UP!

MAN

EVERY KNOCK IS A FOOL

DEAR LOON SIR BLA BLA BLA BLA FOO FOO FOO FOO BLA BLA

HEAD SQUIRT

WE'LL START ON THE FIRE BELL FIRST - THAT STICKS OUT LIKE A SORE THUMB!

THAT'S A HUMDINGER OF AN IDEA!

THIS'LL STOP THE MAYOR FROM KICKIN' THE GONG AROUND!

DANGED TOOTIN'!

CAN'T YOU HEAR ME FOOING, CAROLINE?

THERE SHE IS, GIRLIE - SLICK AS A WHISTLE - NOW, WE'LL PUT HER BACK IN PLACE!

SNAP IT UP - WE GOT PLENTY TO DO!

BRRRRING

BRRRRING

BRRRRING

BRRRRING

I'D WALK A MILLION FOOS FOR ONE OF YOUR GOOS, MY MAMMY

JAN 29

FOOSIC, MAESTRO, PLEASE!

FALSE ALARM FIRE CO.

SCRAM, GRAVY AIN'T WAVEY

WAIT'LL WE GET HOLD OF THE MUG THAT TURNED IN THAT ALARM!!

WELL SCORCH MY BUSTLE! WOO

DANG DANG DANG

I DREAM OF JEANNIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN FOO

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FOO OSOPHY

NO ONE HAS EVER COMPLAINED OF A PARACHUTE NOT OPENING

MAYBE I SHOULDN'T HAVE BROUGHT THIS UP

BH

SPOOKY

CLEFER IDEA BY FENWICK FLOOKY EPLURIBUSFOODUM

SQUEE SQUAAWWW

SQWONK

HO HUM

BED POST

THAT GUY TWIDDLE WITH HIS FIDDLE ISN'T GONNA KEEP ME AWAKE ANOTHER NIGHT!

SQUONK SQUEEE

MEOW MEOW MEOW MEOW

MEOW MEOW

ONE FOO AND ALL'S WELL

KEEP IT UP, SPOOKY - HE'LL GET AROUND TO IT!

MAKE ME A FOO AGAIN, JUST FOR TONIGHT

DO NOT DISTURB

MEOW MEOW MEOW

JAN 29

KERRACK

IF THE FOO FITS, WEAR IT

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UH!

3 BLIND MICE. SEE HOW THEY FOO

HO HUM

VIO TIME

Rube Goldberg

Rube Goldberg was born on the Fourth of July in 1883. He grew up in San Francisco—that great spawning-ground of so many great cartoonists—and attended the University of California at Berkeley, where he received a degree in engineering.

His first strip work was *The Look-Alike Boys* for the St. Louis World Color Printing syndicate sections in 1908. But soon, in New York, he joined the staff of the *Daily Mail* and he became the toast of the Big Apple and the nation. He created a dizzying array of characters and titles. His first major hit was *Foolish Questions* (also here, from his first years on the *Mail*) and his phrases became popular catch-phrases on the street. The same happened with his *I'm the Guy* routines; the epithet "Baloney!", which was his; the famous crazy inventions of Prof. Lucifer Gorgonzola Butts; and so on. The inventions got Goldberg's name into the dictionary—fulfilling, in a screwball way, his early dreams of leaving a mark on technology.

Goldberg eventually switched to Hearst, where he created *Boob McNutt* and other classic strips; and the McNaught Syndicate, where he drew his daily commentary strips (*Rube Goldberg's Boobs; They Always Come Back for More;* etc.) and the inspired daily strip *Bobo Baxter*. Later he wrote books . . . still later he drew political cartoons, winning a Pulitzer Prize . . . still later he founded the National Cartoonists Society . . . and then began a successful career as a respected sculpture of satirical subjects.

Rube's trademark throughout his incredible career was a playful approach to human nature. His talent was to see the sham behind the pretention, the absurd in the pompous. He might have written about Society's traditions: "I'm the guy who put the con in convention."

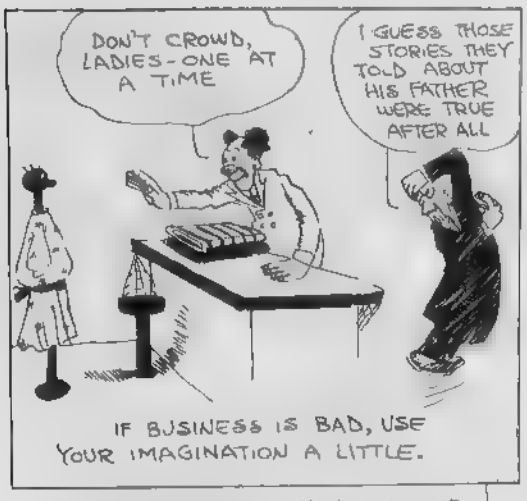
—*R.M.*

"And They Get Away With It!"

THE CAR IS RUNNING IN FINE SHAPE BUT THE HORN SEEMS TO BE A LITTLE WEAK I'LL RUN IT INTO THE REPAIR SHOP FOR A MINUTE OR TWO AND HAVE THEM LOOK IT OVER
IT'S SURPRISING HOW SHE EVER RAN IN THIS CONDITION - THERE'S NOT A SINGLE DROP OF OIL IN THE CLUTCH, CYLINDER NUMBER FOUR IS NOT ON SPEAKING TERMS WITH THE FLOATING AXLE, THE SELF STARTER HAS A VERY HIGH FEVER,
THERE IS A LEAK IN THE CATSUP PIPE, THE IDIOTIC COIL IS SHORT-CIRCUITED WITH THE BONEHEAD VALVE AND I WOULD ADVISE YOU TO HAVE THE G T S K X & Q SYSTEM OF IGNITION REPLACED BY THE EMBALMING FLUID GENERATOR
IT IS RIDICULOUS TO HAVE SUCH A FLIMSY RADIATOR ON A HIGH-PRICED CAR LIKE THIS - SEE HOW IT BENDS - AND I'LL HAVE TO PUT ON NEW WHEELS AND UPHOLSTERY TO MATCH THE REAR LIGHT
IT'S LUCKY YOU BROUGHT THE CAR TO ME BEFORE IT GOT ANY WORSE - THE NEW PARTS WILL COST $274.81, 199 HOURS LABOR AT 75¢ AN HOUR WILL BE $306.10, AND THE SUPPERS, THEATRE TICKETS ETC FOR THE MECHANICS WILL AMOUNT TO $54.36 - YOU CAN DROP IN IN ABOUT SIX MONTHS AND SEE HOW WE'RE GETTING ALONG
WE'RE HAVING OUR CAR OVERHAULED BY AN EXPERT, SO WE'LL HAVE TO LIVE VERY SIMPLY FOR A WHILE - BRING US THREE CENTS' WORTH OF ORANGE SEEDS
TWO DUM DUM BULLETS AT FULL SPEED

THE AUTOMOBILE MECHANIC

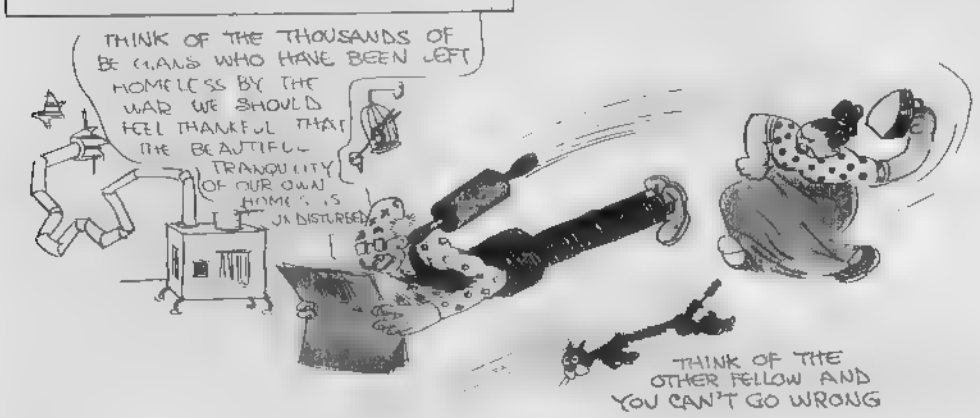
IF YOU MUST TIGHTEN UP ON OTHER THINGS, BE LIBERAL WITH YOUR SMILES



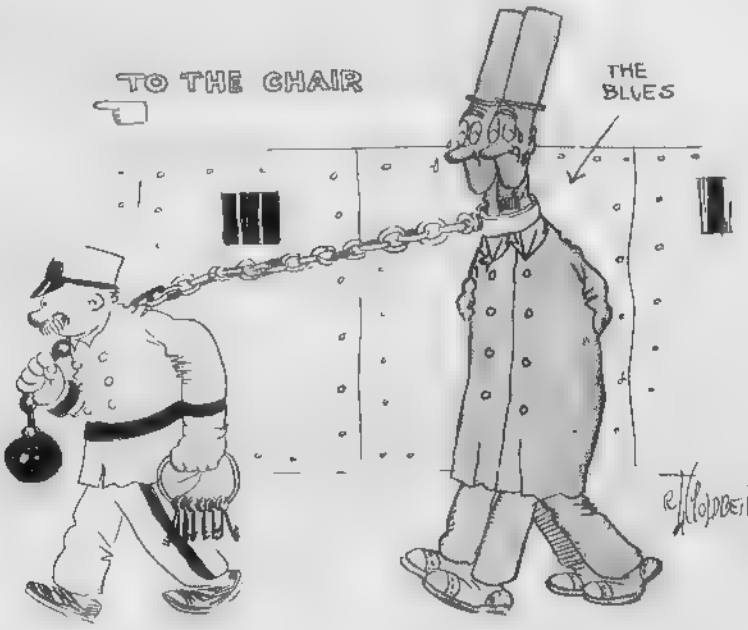
IF BUSINESS IS BAD, USE YOUR IMAGINATION A LITTLE.

CONTENTMENT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH A PERSON'S POSITION IN LIFE.

THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY TO GET A LAUGH NO MATTER HOW LOW YOUR SPIRITS ARE.


THINK OF THE THOUSANDS OF BE CLANS WHO HAVE BEEN LEFT HOMELESS BY THE WAR WE SHOULD FEEL THANKFUL THAT THE BEAUTIFUL TRANQUILITY OF OUR OWN HOME IS UNDISTURBED

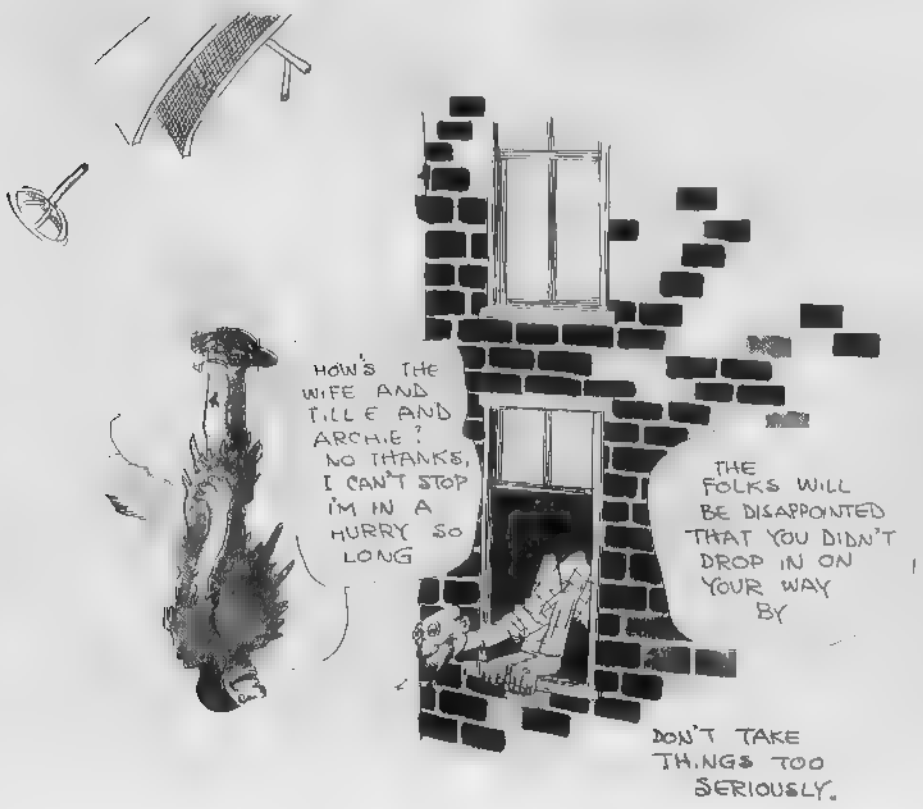
THINK OF THE OTHER FELLOW AND YOU CAN'T GO WRONG



THIS WAY OUT!

I'M CERTAINLY FORTUNATE - I CAN TAKE THE EXTRA LEG AND HAVE IT MADE INTO A GOLF CAP AND A DOZEN NAPKINS
18-0
00-6⅔
9
OUR PANTS NEVER BIND UNDER THE ARMS
88-17
33½ 4-
11-44

ITS AN ILL WIND AND SO FORTH.


HOW'S THE WIFE AND TILLIE AND ARCHIE? NO THANKS, I CAN'T STOP I'M IN A HURRY SO LONG
THE FOLKS WILL BE DISAPPOINTED THAT YOU DIDN'T DROP IN ON YOUR WAY BY

DON'T TAKE THINGS TOO SERIOUSLY.

YOU NOW LOOK AS THOUGH YOU MADE $5,0.60 LAST WEEK - IF YOU WANT TO APPEAR TO HAVE JUST INHERITED A MILLION, IT WILL COST YOU TEN CENTS EXTRA
A. SMEAR
ARTISTIC SMILE PAINTER.
LAUGHS FIVE CENTS AND UP

YOUR FRIENDS JUDGE YOUR POCKET-BOOK BY THE EXPRESSION ON YOUR FACE.

CAN A COLLEGE MAN BE SUCCESSFUL IN SPITE OF HIS "EDUCATION"?

THIS CREATURE BELONGS TO THE EXTINCT RACE OF BARBARIAN SIMPOGAMBIANS, WHO SPENT THEIR ODD MOMENTS STRANGLING ONE ANOTHER AND KICKING EACHOTHER IN THE CHEST

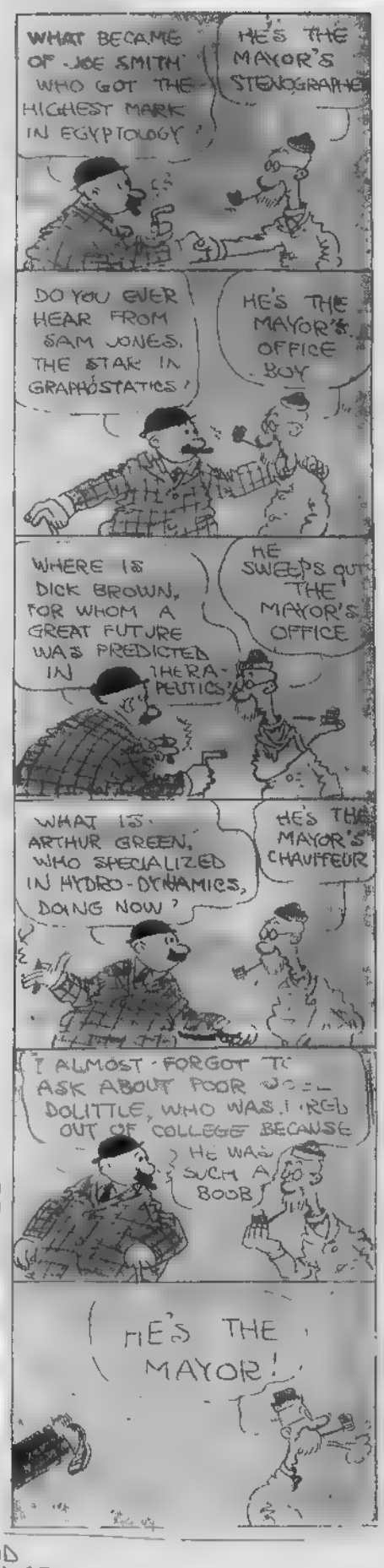
THE PROFESSOR MUST HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN WHEN HE SAID THE RACE WAS EXTINCT.

FROM THE GRACEFUL CURVE OF THE STEGOMYIA FASCIATA THIS CLEARLY BELONGS TO THE NONSENSIFEROUS PERIOD OF CHEESE-IFICATION
AND I SENT MY SON TO COLLEGE TO BROADEN HIS MIND SO I COULD TAKE HIM INTO PARTNERSHIP IN MY CLOTHING BUSINESS!

A WARNING TO LOVING FATHERS.

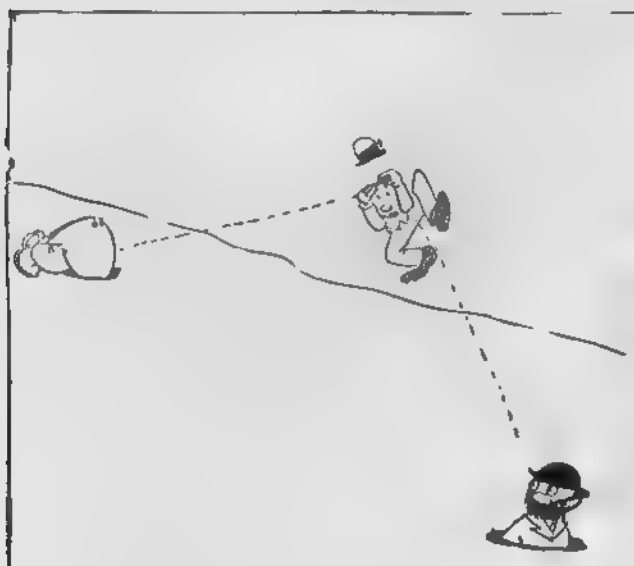
COLLEGE EQUIPS YOU FOR YOUR WORK ATER IN LIFE - THIS MAN WAS YELL LEADER.

AND STILL THIS PROFESSOR CAN FIGURE OUT THE WEIGHT OF THE EARTH AND THE EXACT NUMBER OF HEAT UNITS IN THE GULF STREAM.


WHAT BECAME OF JOE SMITH WHO GOT THE HIGHEST MARK IN EGYPTOLOGY?
HE'S THE MAYOR'S STENOGRAPHER
DO YOU EVER HEAR FROM SAM JONES, THE STAR IN GRAPHOSTATICS?
HE'S THE MAYOR'S OFFICE BOY
WHERE IS DICK BROWN, FOR WHOM A GREAT FUTURE WAS PREDICTED IN THERAPEUTICS?
HE SWEEPS OUT THE MAYOR'S OFFICE
WHAT IS ARTHUR GREEN, WHO SPECIALIZED IN HYDRO-DYNAMICS, DOING NOW?
HE'S THE MAYOR'S CHAUFFEUR
I ALMOST FORGOT TO ASK ABOUT POOR JOE DOLITTLE, WHO WAS FLUNKED OUT OF COLLEGE BECAUSE HE WAS SUCH A BOOB
HE'S THE MAYOR!

SOMEHOW OR OTHER, A DEGREE LOOKS DIFFERENT AFTER GRADUATION

MIKE AND IKE — THEY LOOK ALIKE — by R.L. GOLDBERG



EDUCATIONAL DEPT:
EDITED BY MIKE & IKE

HERE ARE A FEW ITEMS TAKEN FROM OUR BOOK OF NATURAL HISTORY:-

THE HORSE-FLY IS NOT VERY GOOD IN MATHEMATICS.

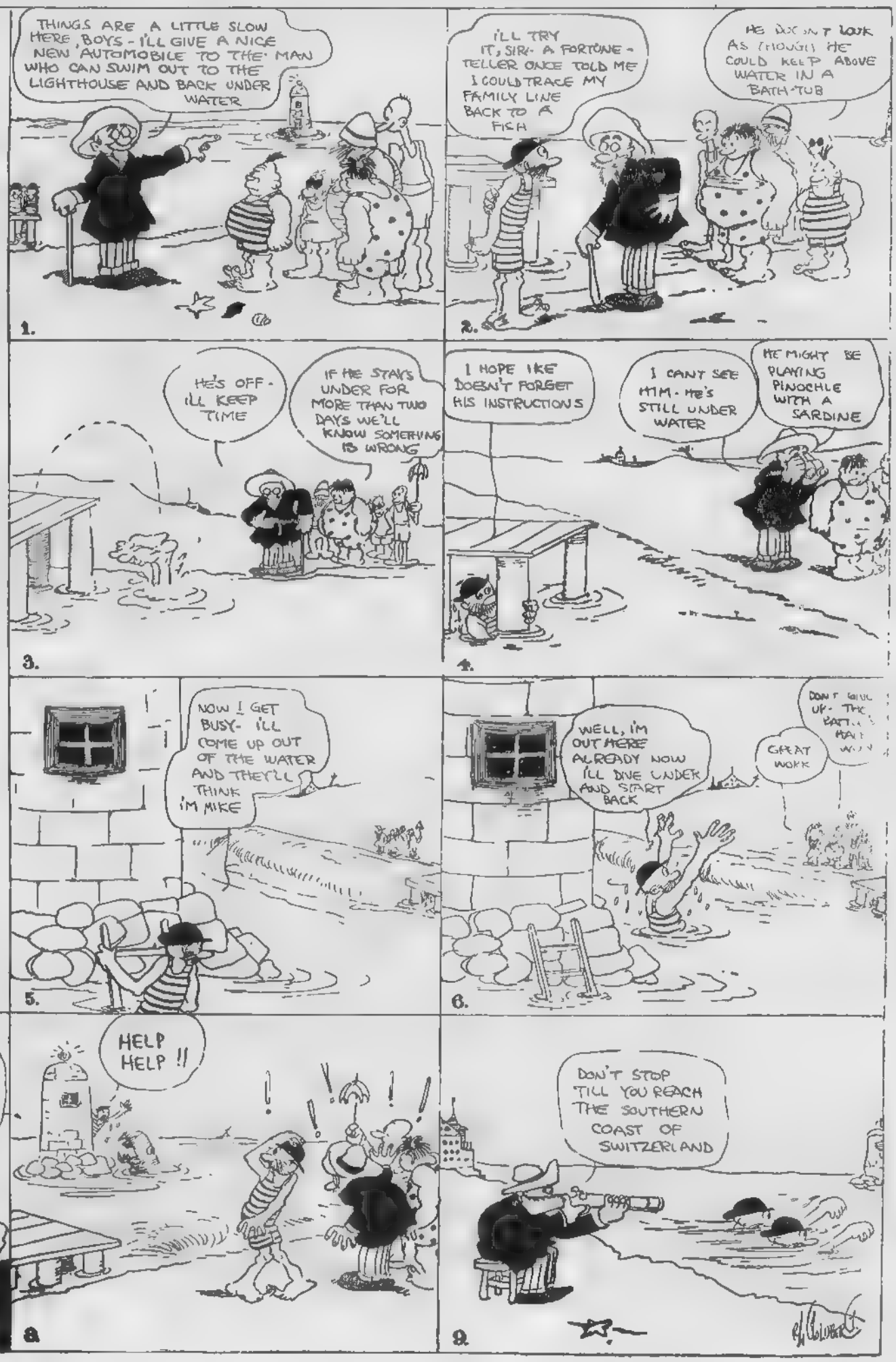
OYSTERS PREFER RAGTIME TO GRAND OPERA.

THE ZEBRA DOES NOT BELIEVE IN GIVING ITS YOUNG A COLLEGE EDUCATION.

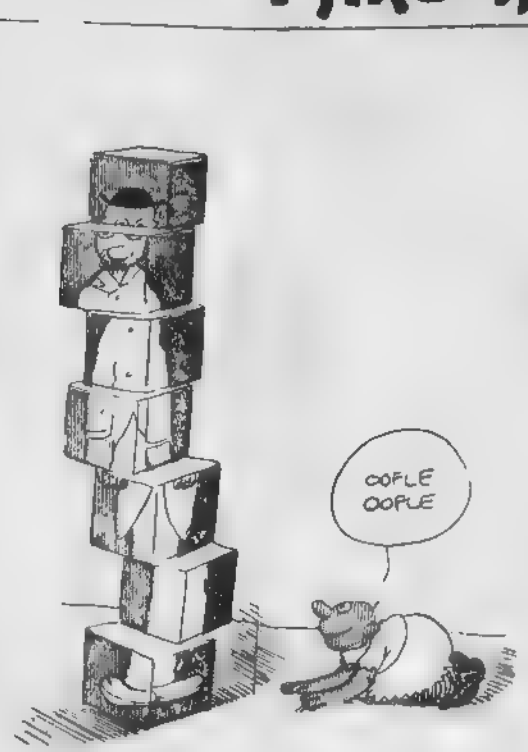
THE JELLY-FISH IS ALWAYS VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT THE LANGUAGE IT USES.

SAUSAGE IS GENERALLY DEAF AND DUMB.

THE FEMALE WOLF DOES NOT CARE FOR CIGARETTES


THINGS ARE A LITTLE SLOW HERE, BOYS - I'LL GIVE A NICE NEW AUTOMOBILE TO THE MAN WHO CAN SWIM OUT TO THE LIGHTHOUSE AND BACK UNDER WATER
1.
I'LL TRY IT, SIR. A FORTUNE-TELLER ONCE TOLD ME I COULD TRACE MY FAMILY LINE BACK TO A FISH
HE DOESN'T LOOK AS THOUGH HE COULD KEEP ABOVE WATER IN A BATH-TUB
2.
HE'S OFF - I'LL KEEP TIME
IF HE STAYS UNDER FOR MORE THAN TWO DAYS WE'LL KNOW SOMETHING IS WRONG
3.
I HOPE IKE DOESN'T FORGET HIS INSTRUCTIONS
I CAN'T SEE HIM - HE'S STILL UNDER WATER
HE MIGHT BE PLAYING PINOCHLE WITH A SARDINE
4.
NOW I GET BUSY - I'LL COME UP OUT OF THE WATER AND THEY'LL THINK I'M MIKE
5.
WELL, I'M OUT HERE ALREADY NOW I'LL DIVE UNDER AND START BACK
GREAT WORK
6.
I PLAYED MY PART PERFECT
SEE! I'M NOT EVEN BREATHING HARD
WONDERFUL! YOU COVERED THE WHOLE EIGHT MILES IN TWENTY SECONDS
7
HELP HELP !!
8
DON'T STOP 'TILL YOU REACH THE SOUTHERN COAST OF SWITZERLAND
9.

MIKE AND IKE—THEY LOOK ALIKE — by R. L. GOLDBERG



MIKE READ IN THE PAPERS THAT THE MAYORS OF DIFFERENT TOWNS WERE ALL NEGLECTING THE PUBLIC INTERESTS AND WERE USING THEIR JOBS FOR THEIR OWN GOOD SO HE DECIDED TO BE A MAYOR HIMSELF AND GIVE THE PEOPLE FREE CAR-RIDES, FREE DRINKS, FREE THEATRES, FREE MEALS AND FREE HOMES

HE ORDERED A PRINCE ALBERT, COAT AND A HIGH HAT AND WROTE A GREAT SPEECH FOR HIMSELF

WHEN HE WAS ALL READY TO START IN WORKING AS MAYOR, HE DISCOVERED THAT ALL THE MAYOR JOBS WERE TAKEN - HE COULD BUILD A NEW TOWN, ONLY HE DIDNT KNOW WHERE TO BUY LAMP-POSTS TO PUT ON THE CORNERS.

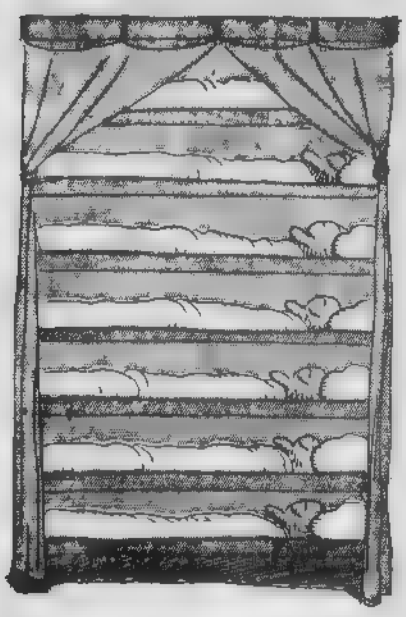
SO HE WENT HOME AND SPENT THE REST OF THE EVENING PLAYING PINOCHLE WITH IKE.

YES, WHEN IM 500 FEET UP IN THE AIR, I'LL JUMP OUT OF THE BALLOON WITHOUT EVEN MUSSING MY HAIR - IT'S MERELY A MILD FORM OF EXERCISE FOR ME
HERE'S YOUR $100 - YOUR STUNT WILL BE A GREAT AD FOR MY AMUSEMENT PARK
1.

LISTEN, IKE - WHEN IM 500 FEET UP IN THE AIR I'LL THROW OUT THIS DUMMY - WHEN IT LANDS YOU COME OUT FROM BEHIND THE TREE, HIDE THE DUMMY AND THEY'LL THINK YOU JUST JUMPED OUT OF THE BALLOON
MIKE - IT'S A CINCH
2.

IKE, I THINK WE'RE PASSING THROUGH GERMANY - I SEE A BEER SIGN
NO, MIKE - IT LOOKS MORE LIKE SWITZERLAND I DETECT THE PRESENCE OF CHEESE
9.

MIKE AND IKE—THEY LOOK ALIKE — by R. L. GOLDBERG

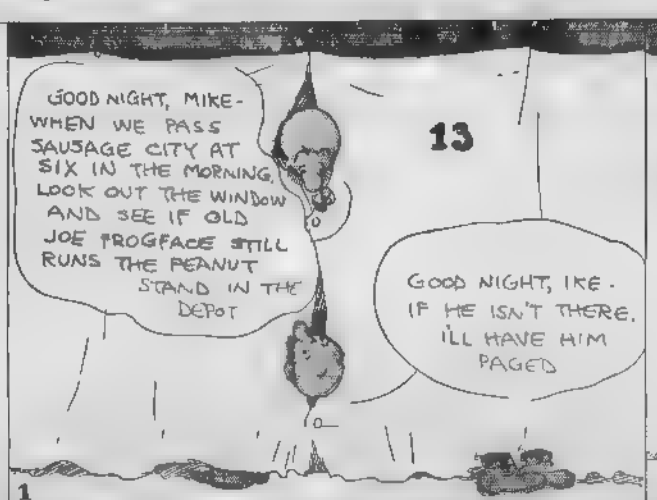


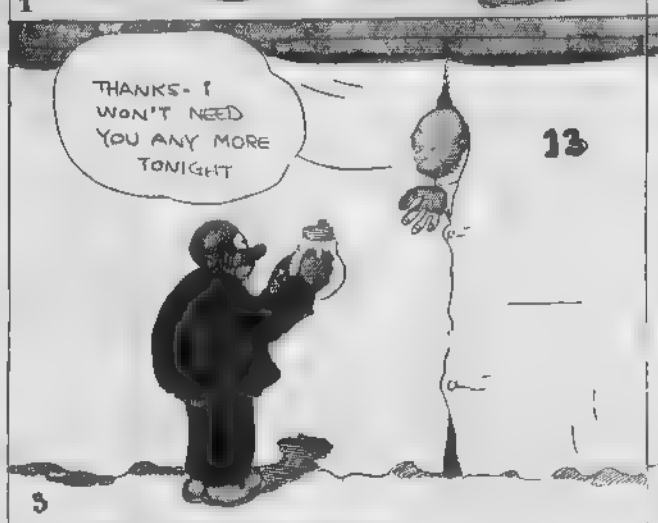
YOU CAN SAY WHAT YOU WANT ABOUT PARCEL POST AND THE PANAMA CANAL AND THE TURKEY TROT, BUT YOU HAVE TO HAND IT TO MIKE AND IKE FOR STICKING TOGETHER LIKE A PAIR OF CUFF BUTTONS IN ALL THEIR TROUBLES - THEY BOTH HAVE NOTHING AND THEY ARE WILLING TO SHARE IT BETWEEN THEM.

PERHAPS THEY OWE THEIR WONDERFUL TALENT FOR LONG-DISTANCE FASTING TO THEIR FATHER - HE TRAVELED WITH A CIRCUS FOR SEVENTEEN YEARS AS A LIVING SKELETON - EVERY TIME HE ATE A GREEN PEA THE MANAGER WOULD ACCUSE HIM OF OVER-EATING AND PLACE HIM ON A DIET - HE MARRIED THE BEARDED-LADY AND SPENT HIS SPARE MOMENTS CUTTING OUT PAPER DOLLS FOR LITTLE MIKE AND IKE WITH HER SAFETY RAZOR -

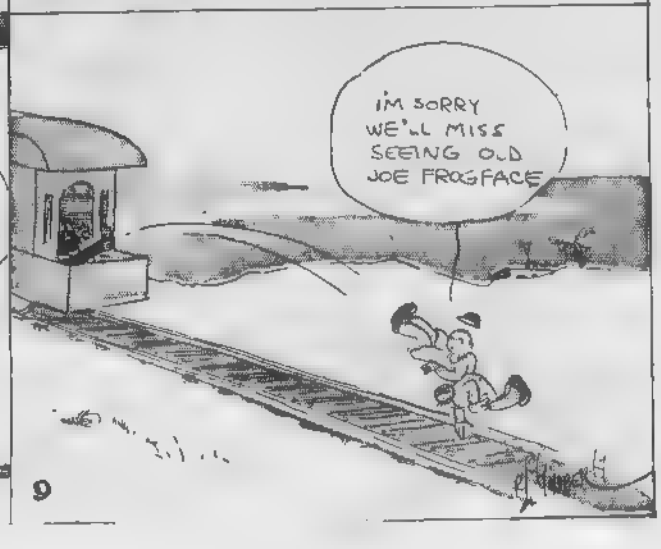
THE LITTLE TWINS USED TO DELIGHT IN SETTING FIRE TO THEIR MOTHER'S WHISKERS.

—


GOOD NIGHT, MIKE - WHEN WE PASS SAUSAGE CITY AT SIX IN THE MORNING, LOOK OUT THE WINDOW AND SEE IF OLD JOE FROGFACE STILL RUNS THE PEANUT STAND IN THE DEPOT
13
GOOD NIGHT, IKE - IF HE ISN'T THERE, I'LL HAVE HIM PAGED
1



YOU CAN'T BUNK DIS COMPANY AN' GET AWAY WID IT - GET OFF DIS TRAIN OR AH'LL MAKE YOU LOOK LIKE A PIECE OF IRISH LACE
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S COMING OFF, BUT I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO COMPLY WITH YOUR REQUEST BECAUSE THE FAMILY PLOT IN THE CEMETERY IS OVERCROWDED NOW
6

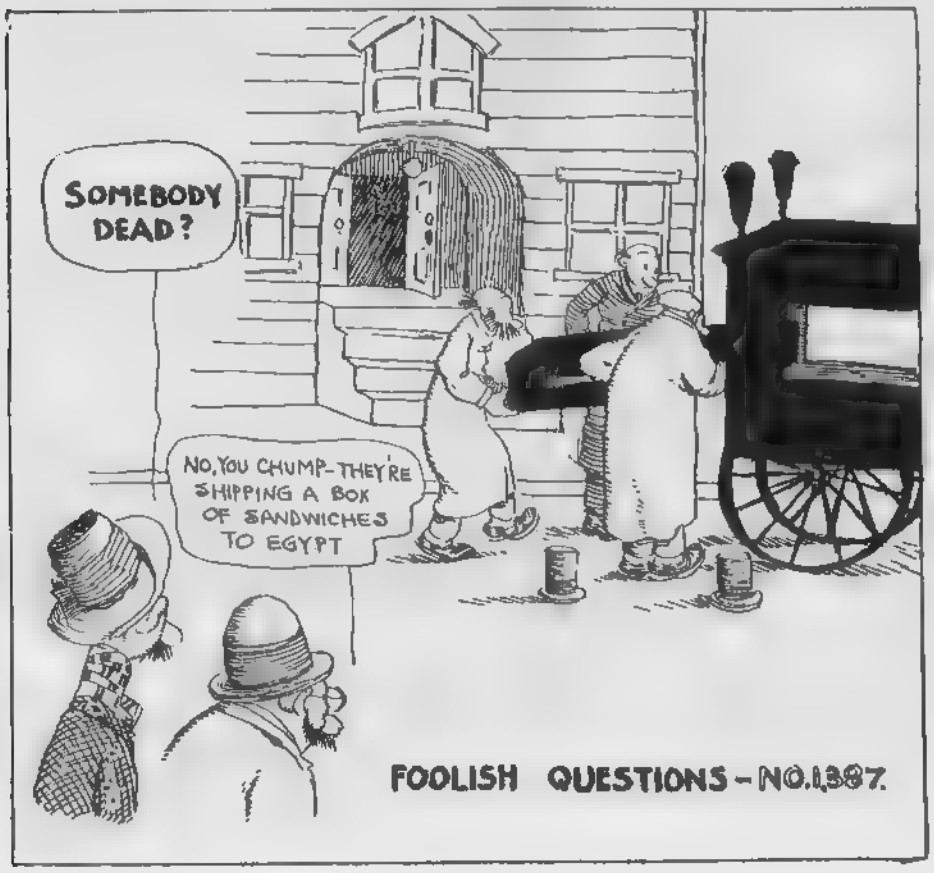


FOOLISH QUESTIONS-NO. 1413.

FOOLISH QUESTIONS-NO. 1,401.

FOOLISH QUESTIONS- NO. 12.

FOOLISH QUESTIONS-NO. 1,368.



FOOLISH QUESTIONS-NO. 1,387.

FOOLISH QUESTIONS-NO. 153,698.

FOOLISH - QUESTIONS - NO. 27.

FOOLISH QUESTIONS - NO. 17.

FOOLISH QUESTIONS - NO. 4.

FOOLISH QUESTIONS - NO. 19.

FOOLISH QUESTIONS - NO. 31.

MY GRACIOUS, BUD, HAVE YOU BEEN ARRESTED AGAIN ?
NO MAGGIE, I'M IN HERE REHEARSING A TROUPE OF TRAINED OYSTERS FOR A MARATHON RACE
R. J. GOLDBERG

FOOLISH QUESTIONS - NO. 20.

Grossly Exaggerated

One of the certifiable zanies of the cartoon world, Milt Gross had many accomplishments in his relatively short life. He created a half dozen nationally syndicated newspaper strips, wrote and illustrated several bestselling books, worked in Hollywood with people like Charlie Chaplin, produced artwork that appeared in a Bing Crosby-Betty Hutton movie, and once got a fan letter from Calvin Coolidge.

Born in the Bronx in 1895, Gross dropped out of high school—where he had been a classmate of Dutch Schultz—to take a job as the art department office boy at Hearst's New York *Evening Journal*. That meant the affable young cartoonist got to rub shoulders with, and sometimes assist, the likes of Tad Dorgan, Gus Mager, Harry Hershfield, Walter Hoban, Tom McNamara, etc. While still in his teens Gross began to sell strips, one to a small syndicate and several to the *Journal* and sister papers. In the early 1920s he jumped over to the New York *World*. In addition to drawing strips like *Banana Oil* he wrote and illustrated his own column for the Sunday edition. It was here that he began fooling around with Jewish dialect. He recounted the adventures of the Feitlebaum family, retold fairy tales and famous poems, even put great moments in history into dialect. The stuff caught on and in 1926 Doran issued a collection of the columns under the title *Nize Baby*.

The Twenties was most certainly Milt Gross's decade—the years when all sorts of people became fascinated with the American language and its colorful ethnic dialect variations. This resulted in, to mention but a few, Amos and Andy, Dashiell Hammett, Hemingway, and Ring Lardner. When Gross reworked *Hiawatha* into Bronxese and began it

On de shurrs from Geetchy Goony,
Stoot a tipee witt a weegwom
Frontage feefty fitt it mashered
Hopen fireplace—izzy payments . . .

his Jazz Age audience laughed and was captivated. They were also taken by his cartooning in his columns, books, and strips. Gross was one of the most visually gratifying cartoonists of his day. His drawings are fun to look at and they have a lively, restless, sometimes frenzied, quality. While not an accomplished draftsman, he possessed a style that was entirely his own and free of swipes; his characters resembled those of no other artist. It's possible he may have been traumatized early in life by silent movie comedian Ben Turpin, since an unusually high percentage of his characters are cross-eyed. Sausage-noses were another of Gross's trademarks, so it was probably inevitable that he'd eventually do a strip about a delicatessen. Not only the people but the furniture, buildings, autos, and trees were all distinctly his.

Unfortunately his gags weren't always equal to his artwork, and many strips and pages that are visual delights aren't much to read. Gross often comes across as an impatient man, so anxious to get to the fun of drawing that he settles for the first joke that comes to him. He had early discovered the comic possibilities of exposing hypocrites in the tradition of Opper and Goldberg, and he built numerous gags on the notion that many people don't practice what they preach. This was, in fact, the sole premise of *Banana Oil*, which began as a daily strip and graduated to being a top strip for the *Nize Baby* Sunday page that started in 1927. A husband has a night on the town and awakens with a monumental hangover, and his wife tells a visitor that "It was something he *ate* last night," the family cat observes, "That's a lotta BANANA OIL!!" A couple can barely afford a seaside vacation, and the wife tells a fellow vacationer that her husband "insisted on Europe this year, but I don't like the excitement," while in the background the husband mutters, "Banana oil!!" And so it goes. What Gross had discovered was the basic idea that Jimmy Hatlo later parlayed into the successful *They'll Do It Every Time* panel.

Gross's next feature, *Count Screwloose*, also had an *idee fixe*, the same one he'd used in *Banana Oil*. The Sunday page replaced *Nize Baby* in February of 1929 and each and every week the diminutive, and cross-eyed, Count escaped from the Nuttycrest Asylum to try his luck in the outside world. Each and every week he encountered such lunacy or hypocrisy that he decided to climb back over the wall into the relative sanity of Nuttycrest. Almost every final panel would show Screwloose requesting of his faithful pooch, "Iggy, keep an eye on me!" Like all true naive characters, from Candide on down, the Count has to remain hopeful. His experiences don't faze him, since his rigid naivete is part of his hang-up.

Gross switched to King Features in 1930 and drew three alternating daily titles. Again he was relying on the repetition of simple situations. In *I Did It And I'm Glad!* people take revenge on boors and pests, in *Draw Your Own Conclusion* the last panel left the focal character in a dire predicament. *The Meanest Man* was the most bizarre, starring a little cloaked and slouch hatted villain who did bad deeds—seeing to it that kids who get Lindbergh's autograph have vanishing ink in their pens, giving a hungry dog a rubber sausage that explodes in its face, locking a little henpecked husband in his house so his big wife can lambaste him and so on. This nasty chap always won out and never got his comeuppance. It's hard to tell why such a character appealed to Gross, who was supposedly a gentle and kindhearted man. This triple threat feature strip ended in 1931 to be replaced by *Dave's Delicatessen*.

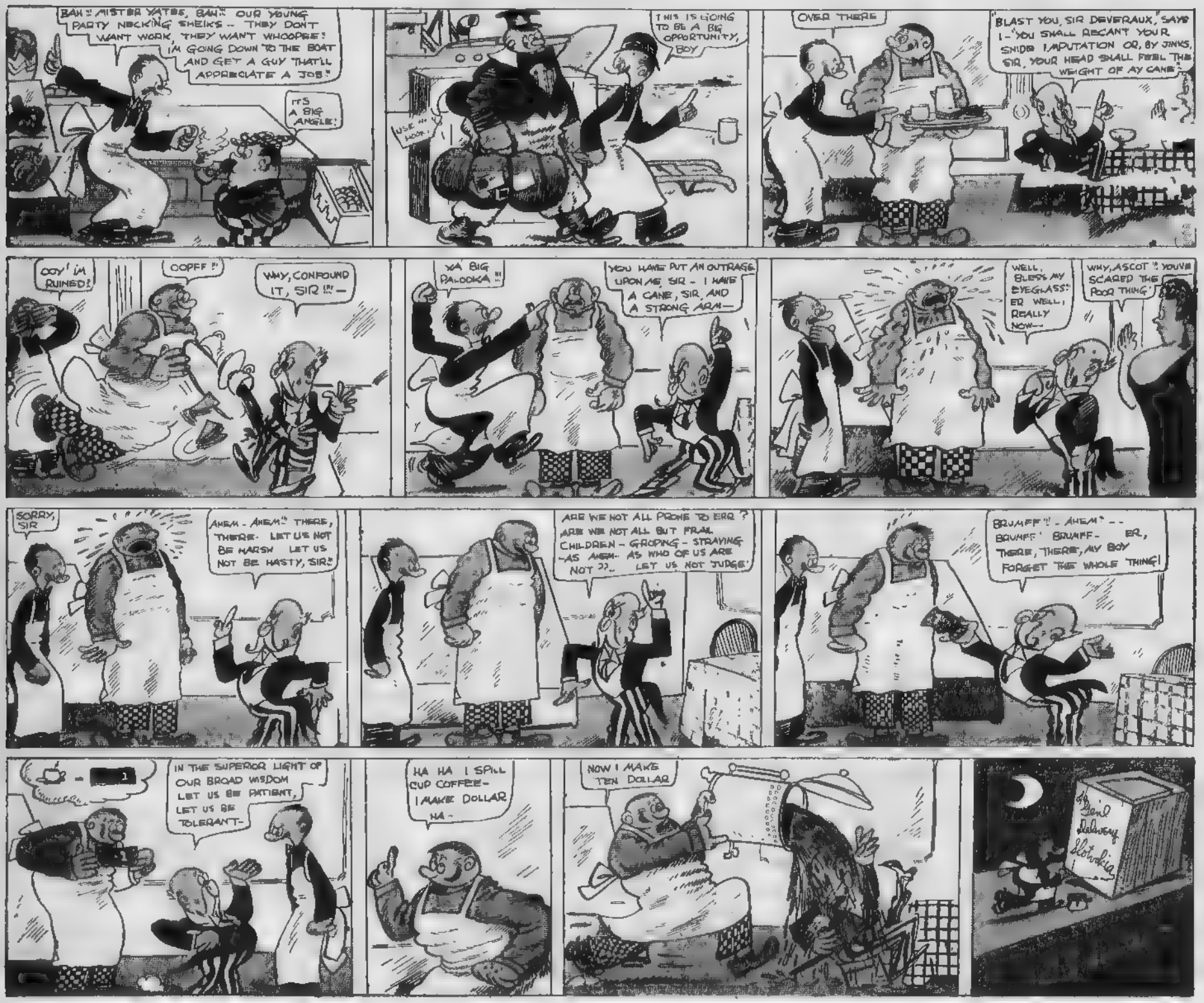
Dave was a likeable bumbler, a softie who tried to act tough but always ended up giving hungry people free food, getting taken by con-men, generally making a fool of himself in front of friends, wife and community. After a while Gross introduced continuity, usually parodies of the adventure stuff of the period. Dave trekked in Africa, joined the Foreign Legion, tangled with crooks. Early in 1935 Dave drifted away and Count Screwloose, who'd been sharing the Sunday with him, again took over; the daily had already folded.

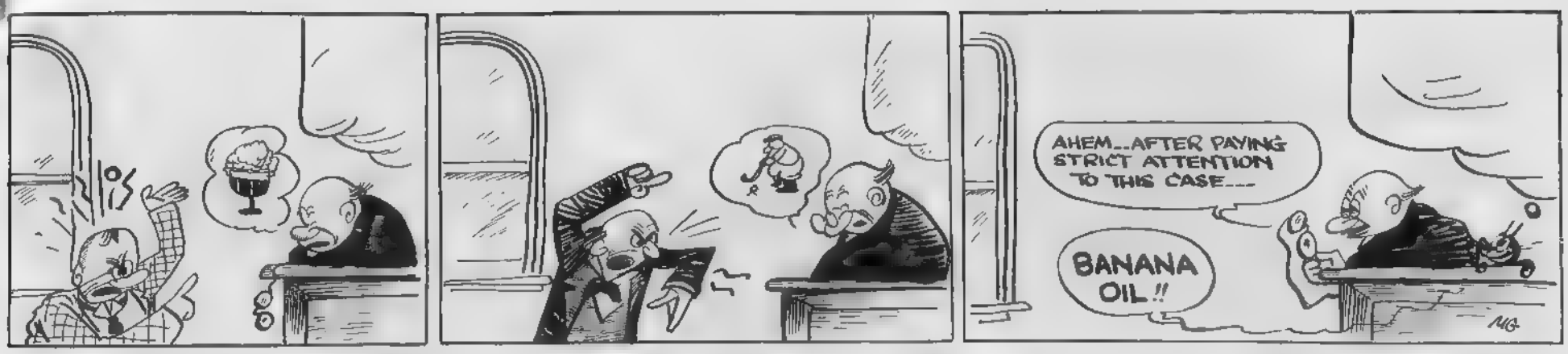
As the '30s progressed Gross came up with several new features. There was a daily catchall titled *Grossly Exaggerated* and a new Sunday devoted to *That's My Pop!* Much of the work he signed in the last years of the decade was ghosted, usually by the dependable Bob Dunn. During the Second World War Gross returned to dialect prose, doing a column called *Dear Dollink* for Hearst's Sunday *Pictorial Review*. After the war he showed up in comic books, doing four pages of comments on the news for *Picture News*, a nonfiction funnybook. In 1947 the first issue of *Milt Gross Funnies* came forth, containing a 48-page *That's My Pop!* adventure. Gross's last cartoon work was filler-pages done for *Giggle Comics*. He died in 1953 at the age of 58, leaving a legacy of iconoclasm, slapstick, and screwball humor that few have approximated.

RON GOULART

COUNT SCREWLOOSE
BY
MILT GROSS
IGGY, WHERE'S MY TUX
I GO TO MEET YVONNE, MY FAIR ONE - AH, SWEET PALE FLOWER, SHE AWAITS ME - BOY A HEAVY DATE!!
EYES OF COLUMBINE!! ROSEBUD LIPS ON SKIN OF IVORY WHITE - A DREAM, A BEAUTEOUS, GORGEOUS, RAVISHING DREAM!!
AIN'T SHE, IGGY?
WELL S'LONG IGGY BEAU SCREWLOOSE FARES FORTH
THUMP, THUMP, THUMP
IGGY!! MY! IT'S LATE! YOU STILL UP? THIS WON'T DO!
YVONNE! YVONNE" YVONNE, YVONNE!

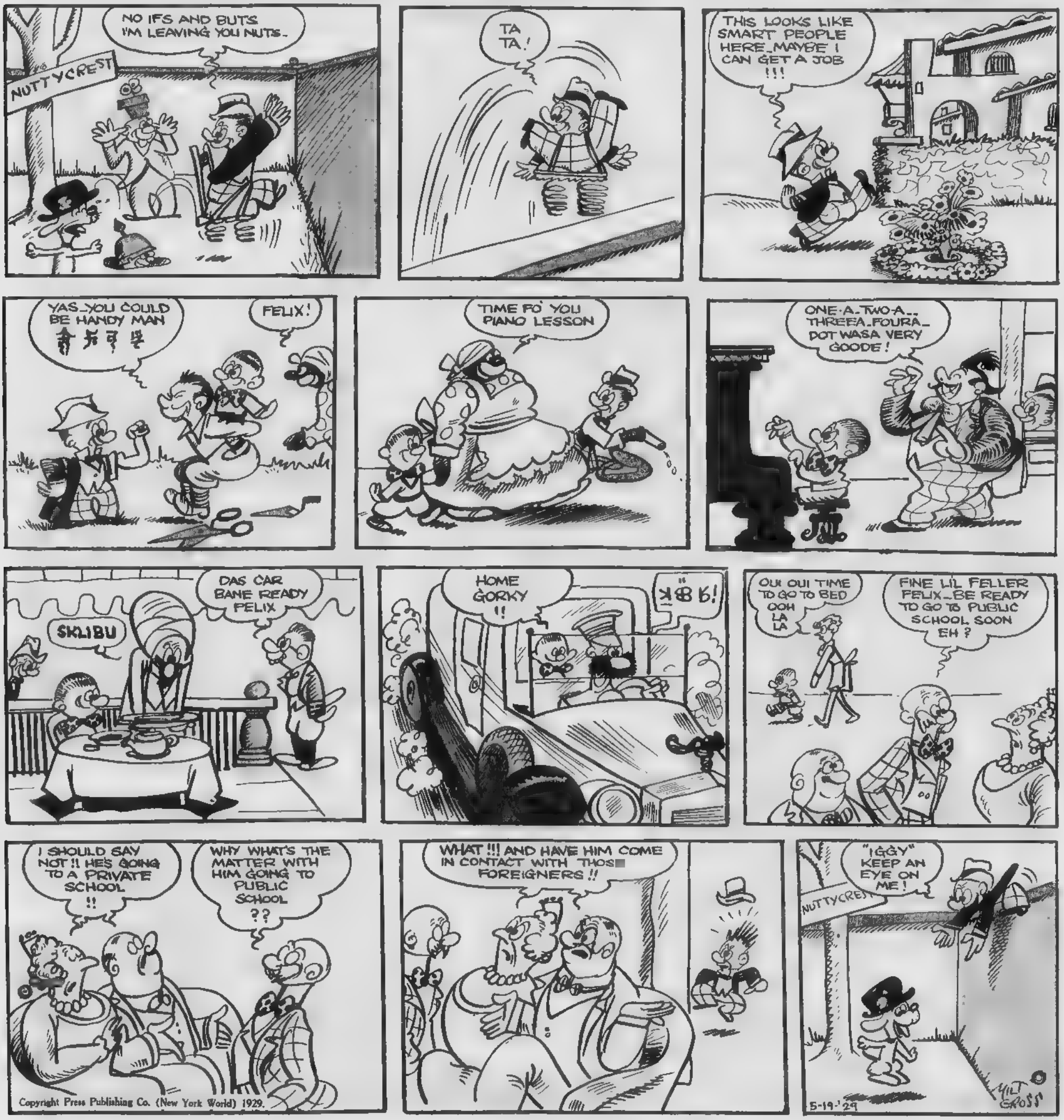
Dave's Delicatessen


BAH!! MISTER YATES, BAH!! OUR YOUNG PARTY NECKING SHEIKS -- THEY DON'T WANT WORK, THEY WAN'T WHOOPEE! I'M GOING DOWN TO THE BOAT AND GET A GUY THAT'LL APPRECIATE A JOB."
IT'S A BIG ANGLE!
THIS IS GOING TO BE A BIG OPPORTUNITY, BOY
OVER THERE
"BLAST YOU, SIR DEVEREAUX," SAYS I - "YOU SHALL RECANT YOUR SNIDE IMPUTATION OR, BY JINKS, SIR, YOUR HEAD SHALL FEEL THE WEIGHT OF MY CANE!"
OOY! I'M RUINED!
OOPFF!!
WHY, CONFOUND IT, SIR!!! —
YA BIG PA-OOKA!!
YOU HAVE PUT AN OUTRAGE UPON ME, SIR - I HAVE A CANE, SIR, AND A STRONG ARM—
WELL, BLESS MY EYEGLASS! ER WELL, REALLY NOW—
WHY, ASCOT!! YOU'VE SCARED THE POOR THING!
SORRY, SIR
AHEM - AHEM!! THERE, THERE - LET US NOT BE HARSH LET US NOT BE HASTY, SIR!
ARE WE NOT ALL PRONE TO ERR? ARE WE NOT ALL BUT FRAIL CHILDREN - GROPING - STRIVING - AS AHEM - AS WHO OF US ARE NOT??.. LET US NOT JUDGE!
BRUMFF!! - AHEM! - - BRUMFF! BRUMFF - ER, THERE, THERE, MY BOY FORGET THE WHOLE THING!
IN THE SUPERIOR LIGHT OF OUR BROAD WISDOM LET US BE PATIENT, LET US BE TOLERANT-
HA HA I SPILL CUP COFFEE - I MAKE DOLLAR HA -
NOW I MAKE TEN DOLLAR
Send Delivery Slotnick



COUNT SCREWLOOSE OF TOOLOOSE

By Milt Gross


NO IFS AND BUTS I'M LEAVING YOU NUTS.
NUTTYCREST
TA TA!
THIS LOOKS LIKE SMART PEOPLE HERE_MAYBE I CAN GET A JOB !!!
YAS_YOU COULD BE HANDY MAN
FELIX!
TIME FO' YOU PIANO LESSON
ONE-A-TWO-A... THREEA_FOURA_ DOT WASA VERY GOODE!
DAS CAR BANE READY PELIX
SKLIBU
HOME GORKY !!
OUI OUI TIME TO GO TO BED OOH LA LA
FINE LIL FELLER FELIX_BE READY TO GO TO PUBLIC SCHOOL SOON EH ?
I SHOULD SAY NOT !! HE'S GOING TO A PRIVATE SCHOOL !!
WHY WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM GOING TO PUBLIC SCHOOL ??
WHAT !!! AND HAVE HIM COME IN CONTACT WITH THOS■ FOREIGNERS !!
"IGGY" KEEP AN EYE ON ME!
NUTTYCREST
5-19-'29
MILT GROSS

Copyright Press Publishing Co. (New York World) 1929.

COUNT SCREWLOOSE
BY
MILT GROSS
NOW LOOKIT THOSE WRINKLED TROUSERS, IGGY !! AND ME WITH A HEAVY DATE!
TUM TA TE TUM TA TA!
HEY! SCRAM, YOU THIS IS THE LIBRARY!!
?
EMPHATICALLY NOT!
"THAT'S BETTER!"
WON'T BE MORE 'N A MINUTE NOW TILL THEY'RE PRESSED, IGGY

Dave's Delicatessen

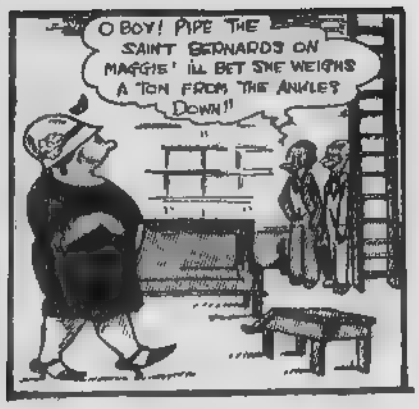
AND IF THE DARN DELICATESSEN STORE BURNED DOWN RIGHT NOW I WOULDN'T BUST OUT CRYING EITHER
MMMM!
LETS SEE WHERE WAS I? OH, YES ON MAY 16, 1929, DETECTIVE PICKLEWOGGLER
ON MAY 16, 1928, DETECTIVE PICK-
ON MAY16
OH, HELLO, DAVE IS MRS. DAVE IN?
WHAT A MARVELOUS BREEZE DEAR
YES
- NO SHE DIDN'T
WELL, THE WAY I HEARD IT WAS -
ON MAY-
- ON JUNE 4, 1643, GENERAL HORSEFACE GOT CAUGHT IN THE RAIN WITH A WOODEN LEG WHICH THEN BEGAN TO SPROUT- INTO THIS TREE WHICH NOW STANDS.

FREIGHT ELEVATOR
HOW ABOUT THEM LEDGERS, YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BALANCE UP MR FLOOK?
ER-GLP!....AHEM! OH YES! I'M GLAD YOU SPOKE OF THAT, NORMAN!
BANANA OIL!!

NIZE BABY

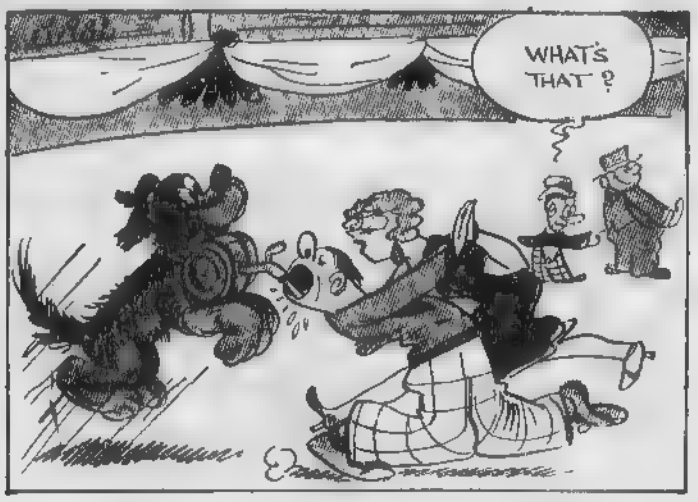
By Milt Gross

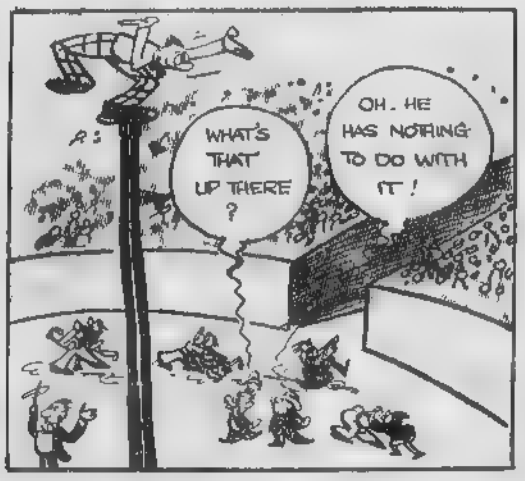
Cosmopolitan Press Publishing Co. (New York World) 1931



COUNT SCREWLOOSE OF TOOLOOSE

By Milt Gross

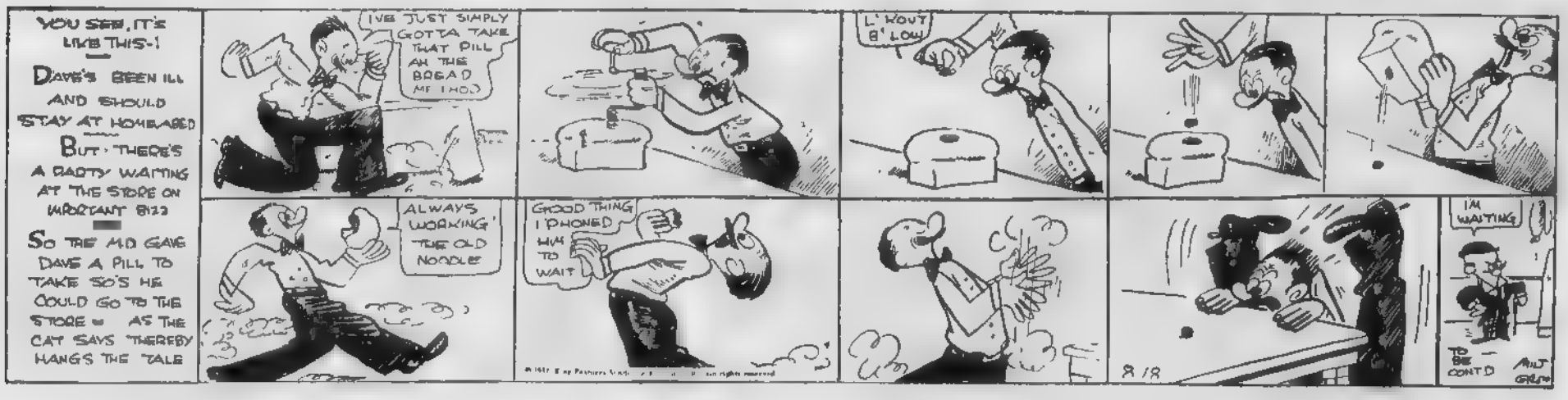




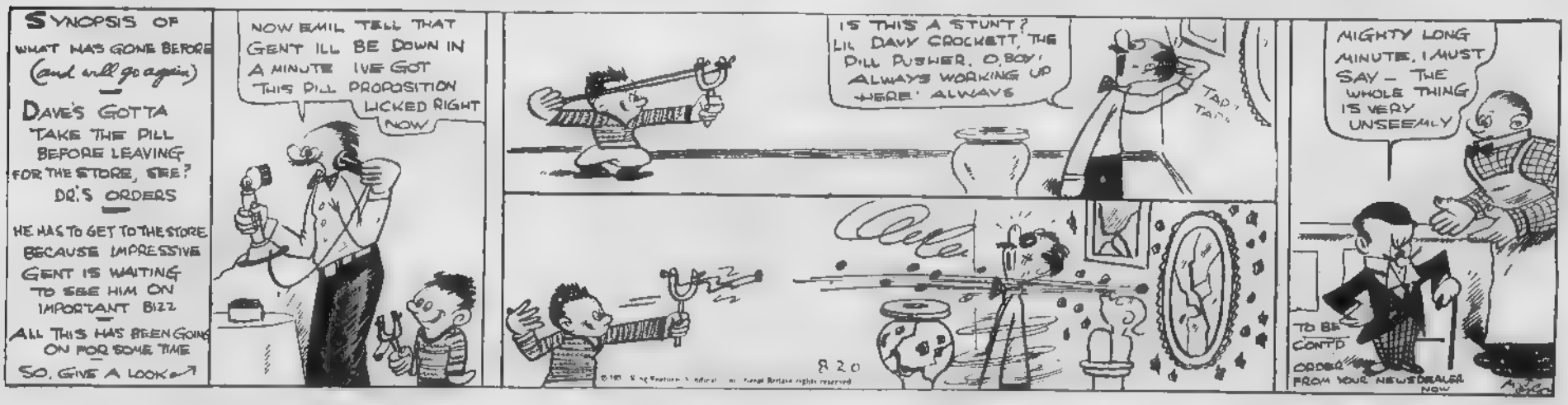
DAVE'S DELICATESSEN

by Milt Gross

WELL YOUD BETTER STAY IN BED DAVE BUT IF YOUVE GOT TO GET TO THE STORE I CAN GIVE YOU A PILL
YEP I GOTTA DOC
THERE'S A BIRD WAITING THERE TO SEE ME ON IMPORTANT BUSINESS
YIPE GZLK
YLP GLUP
PLP
SLYTH ZZZZZZL
UMM
GZZNK
YORRY YLK
OH, YEAH
SPLZZZBLWK
- NO, IT'S JUST RESOLVED ITSELF INTO A PERSONAL MATTER BETWEEN ME AND THE PILL TELL THE GENT TO WAIT A MOMENT MORE
TO BE CONT'D
817


YOU SEE, IT'S LIKE THIS-!
DAVE'S BEEN ILL AND SHOULD STAY AT HOME ABED
BUT - THERE'S A BATTY WAITING AT THE STORE ON IMPORTANT BIZZ
SO THE MD GAVE DAVE A PILL TO TAKE SO'S HE COULD GO TO THE STORE — AS THE CAT SAYS THEREBY HANGS THE TALE
I'VE JUST SIMPLY GOTTA TAKE THAT PILL AN THE BREAD ME I HOD
L' KOUT B' LOW!
ALWAYS WORKING THE OLD NOODLE
GOOD THING I 'PHONED HIM TO WAIT
I'M WAITING
818
TO BE CONT'D

DAVE IS STILL TRYING TO TAKE THE PILL
THE REASON BEING THE MD SAID HE COULDNT GO OUT UNLESS HE DID — SO NOW HE MUST JUST SIMPLY GET TO THE STORE — THE IMPORTANT PARTY IS WAITING
THIS WAY PLEASE
THE OLD STUNT LOSE IT IN A JAR OF OLIVES !!
LIKE THAT SEE'
THEN SHAKE WELL —
AND TAKE THEN PHONE STORE TO HAVE GENT WAIT
PILL ?? PILL ?? THE X-RAY JUST SHOWS AN OVERDOSE OF OLIVES YOULL HAVE TO TAKE TWO PILLS NOW
HE CHOOST PHONE BEFORE HE WAS COME ZOON
HM ! DONT LIKE THE LOOK OF IT NO HOW
819
TO BE CONT'D


SYNOPSIS OF WHAT WAS GONE BEFORE (and will go again)
DAVE'S GOTTA TAKE THE PILL BEFORE LEAVING FOR THE STORE, SEE? DR.'S ORDERS
HE HAS TO GET TO THE STORE BECAUSE IMPRESSIVE GENT IS WAITING TO SEE HIM ON IMPORTANT BIZZ
ALL THIS HAS BEEN GOING ON FOR SOME TIME
SO, GIVE A LOOK
NOW EMIL TELL THAT GENT ILL BE DOWN IN A MINUTE IVE GOT THIS PILL PROPOSITION LICKED RIGHT NOW
IS THIS A STUNT? LIL DAVY CROCKETT, THE PILL PUSHER. O, BOY! ALWAYS WORKING UP HERE! ALWAYS
TAP! TAP!
MIGHTY LONG MINUTE, I MUST SAY — THE WHOLE THING IS VERY UNSEEMLY
820
TO BE CONT'D
ORDER FROM YOUR NEWSDEALER NOW

AS WE SHOWED YESTERDAY DAVE'S GETTING DESPERATE ABOUT TAKING THE PILL BECAUSE THE IMPORTANT GENT IS WAITING AT THE STORE AND DAVE CAN'T GO OUT WITHOUT TAKING PILL, SO LOOK WHAT HE'S UP TO NOW
PILL
DAVE
BEAN-SHOOTER
BOY
Y'GET?
AH! AT LAST IN SHE COMES'
VEP, SHE WAS SWALLOWED AT 9.03 DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME — I'M ON MY WAY DOWN
MY
YOU SEE I COULDNT AM GOOD WITH THE PILLS, SO I USED MARBLES INSTEAD
821
ON HIS WAY EH ? DOES HE WALK ON HIS HANDS? LOOKS OOFTY TO ME - THE WHOLE THING
VAT A JUNCE
TO BE CONT'D

NOTICE !!

DAVE IS ABOUT AT HIS WITS, END AS TO HOW TO TAKE THE PILL BECAUSE THE MAN WON'T WAIT MUCH LONGER AND THE DOCTOR SAID DAVE CAN'T GO OUT UNLESS HE TAKES THE PILL — FIRST —

MAYBE IF I STICK 'EM ALL IN MY MOUTH I'LL SWALLOW ONE IN THE EXCITEMENT

??

GULP

BANG!

AHH

SWALLOWED 'EM ALL! HOORAY!

NOW TO HOT-FOOT IT TO THE STORE

SO TERRIBLY, TERRIBLY SORRY TO KEEP YOU WAITING, SIR WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF DOCTOR MUSHUMP? WELL, SIR, WE'RE ABOUT TO INTRODUCE HIS PILLS ON THE MARKET-

EXTRA — DAILY MAIL

BELOVED DELICATESSENIST RUNS AMUCK IN STORE

IN A LADDIER DAY

FORCES TWO BARRELLS OF PILLS DOWN CUSTOMER'S THROAT

I TELL YOU, MY DEAR, I DISTINCTLY HEAR A TAP IN THE ENGINE! I MUST FIND OUT WHAT'S CAUSING IT

SO DO I, DEAR

AH! THIS MUST BE THE CAUSE - AT LAST! NOW TO GET GOING!

NOW I HEAR IT AGAIN, DEAR!

TAP

TAP!

NICE WOODPECKER SANDWICH ON TOAST

7 /

HEY, UNCLE. MEET ME PAL SNOWSHOES MIKE

HULLO, BUDDY. WANNA BUY A SET OF FURS CHEAP? NOPE? O.K., PAL - LET'S SING A SONG I LIKE MOTHER MACHREE IT'S NICE AN' SAD

GEE! DAT SAD PART SURE GETS ME - SNIFF - SAY' ANY TIME YA WANT ANYBODY DROPPED OFF A ROOF JIST LET ME KNOW - - - DID YOU EVER READ 'DE FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS' O, BOY !!

IT'S DE CHARACTER - DE LITTLE GOIL !! - SAY, ANY TIME YA WANT A CAR SWIPED JIST SAY THE WOID !! — KIN YOUR WIFE USE A NICE BRACELET WITH DIFFERENT INITIALS?- NOPE O.K. — GEE! DON'T YOU LOVE 'OLD BLACK JOE'? IT HITS ME HERE

7 20

SAY, DID YOUZE SEE DAT MOVIE ?!? BOY! I CRIED !! YOU KNOW - DE PART WITH DE DOG! -- SNIFF-- WELL, SO LONG!

I WAS GLAD TO HAVE MET YOUZE - I GOTTA KEEPA "APPOINTMENT" WITH MUGGSY

MY NEW PAL !!!

GIMME A CUPPA COFFEE, WILL YA PLEASE MISTER! I GOT THE JIMMIES

I WILL IF YOU'LL KILL ALL THE FLIES IN THE PLACE AFTERWARD

O-B BOY-V' YOU NEVER HAD THE JIMMIES MISTER, WELL YOU DON'T KNOW NOTHIN'

B-B-B-RRR BR-RRRR

HEY!! I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU'D KILL ALL THE FLIES IN THE PLACE

S-S-S- SEND 'EM OUT - ONE AT A TIME !!!

7-11

PUL-EEZE! A HAM ON TOAST'

I WANT A HAM ON TOAST'

HAM ON TOAST

HAM on toast URGENT!

WOT?

A WHOLE BIG HUCKLEBERRY PIE !!

I DID IT AND I'M GLAD!

11 27

Salesman Sam

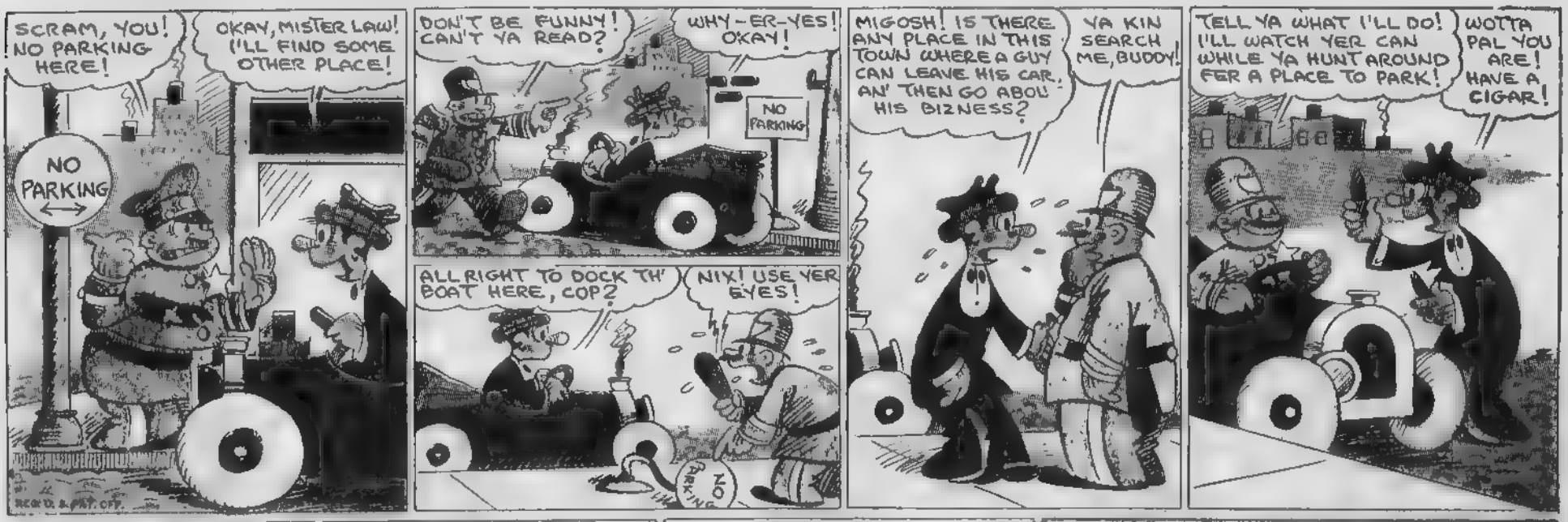
Bill Holman didn't invent the goofy signs that advertised nonsense and changed from one panel to the next. Maybe George Swanson didn't either, but he popularized the device in *Salesman Sam*, one of the wackiest strips ever published.

The premise was simple: Sam Howdy was a salesman—a self-starter whose encounters in his shop would bring him into contact with all sorts of usually crazy folk. But the premise evaporated as Sam became a policeman, travelled on the road, and took all sorts of jobs—but always returned intermittently to the store-counter where those labels and signs abounded.

The creator was George Swanson, and the NEA strip began around 1922. As with many NEA artists—Gene Ahern, Bela Zaboly, Roy Crane—Swanson was lured away by Hearst, where for King Features he created, in succession, *High-Pressure Pete*, *Eliza Poppin*, *Dad's Family*, and *The Flop Family*, which he continued until his recent death.

His successor on *Sam's Strip* was C.D. Small, an occasional *Life* magazine contributor, who adhered to the "Swan" style faithfully. The screwball adventures and ever-present nutty signs still crowded the strip, which was a fast-paced romp. He never was loathe to exaggerate the comic strip's conventional exaggerations even further; like Holman, he would draw characters doing double-takes in physically impossible fashion, popping out of their shoes amidst debris like nuts and bolts.

Ironically, in person he was quite unlike the other creators in this issue, and their creations; Roy Crane once told me that Small was a most reserved, dignified sort, never cracking a smile or making a joke. Another report, from Flash Fairfield of NEA, has it that Small committed suicide. It seems that Sam's second "boss' saved all his humor and light for the paper until the strip died with him in 1936. —*R.M.*


SCRAM, YOU! NO PARKING HERE!
OKAY, MISTER LAW! I'LL FIND SOME OTHER PLACE!
NO PARKING
DON'T BE FUNNY! CAN'T YA READ?
WHY-ER-YES! OKAY!
NO PARKING
ALL RIGHT TO DOCK TH' BOAT HERE, COP?
NIX! USE YER EYES!
NO PARKING
MIGOSH! IS THERE ANY PLACE IN THIS TOWN WHERE A GUY CAN LEAVE HIS CAR, AN' THEN GO ABOU HIS BIZNESS?
YA KIN SEARCH ME, BUDDY!
TELL YA WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL WATCH YER CAN WHILE YA HUNT AROUND FER A PLACE TO PARK!
WOTTA PAL YOU ARE! HAVE A CIGAR!
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

WELL, FER GOSH SAKES! THERE'S HOW LUCKY I AM! FOUND A PLACE ALREADY!
THOITY THOID ST.
LOST
BACK SO SOON?
YEP! AN' I FOUND WHAT LOOKS LIKE A SPOT, ONLY A BLOCK FROM HERE!
BUT WHICH SIGN AM I GONNA BELIEVE —THIS OR THAT?
PARK AVE.
THOIT THOID
NO PARKING
Small
THE RIDDLE GRIDDLE
1. IN WHAT WAY ARE AN ELEVATOR MAN AND AN AVIATOR ALIKE?
2. WHICH WOULD SEEM HEAVIER, THE HALF OR THE FULL MOON?
3. WHY IS A DEAD HEN BETTER THAN A LIVE ONE?
ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S RIDDLES—
1. THAT WHICH WORKS WHEN IT PLAYS AND PLAYS WHEN IT WORKS, IS A GARDEN HOSE-
2. A FARMER SHOULD BE EXCUSED FOR OVER-LOOKING HIS PIGS, IF HE HAS A STY IN HIS EYE-
3. THE MOST ANCIENT TREE WOULD NATURALLY APPEAR TO BE THE ELDER TREE-
© 1933

ARE YOU NEXT SIR?
OPEN FOR BUSINESS
WE WANT YOUR CHEWING TRADE
SALTED PEANUTS TAKE ONE
CHEWING GUM INCLUDING 1 CAN 50¢
PANTS INCLUDED WITH EACH SUIT
I WANNA GET SOME GOOD HINGES FOR A DOOR PLEASE.
WE HAVE SOME DANDY ONES, SIR, AT 50¢ A PAIR
SHOE MILK 10¢ A CAN
FLOWERS AND SNOW REMOVING DEPT
SPACE FOR RENT
HERE'S A NICE SET — ONLY 70¢ INCLUDING TH TAX
NUPE - NOPE - NAW - NUTHIN' DOIN - NOSIREEE —
MIRRORS MIGHTY CHEAP
NEW GOLD PAINT JAPANNE TYPE
I DON'T WANT NO TACKS - I'M GONNA USE SCREWS ON 'EM
WAM
U.S. MAILS PLEASE KEEP OUT OF ANY RECEIVER
SWAN
NEA SERVICE
SAM, YOU GRAB AN ARMFUL OF THESE STATEMENTS AN' I'LL DO TH' SAME. AN WE'LL TAKE EM OUT AN' MAIL 'EM —
RIGHT TO, CHIEF!
OUTSIDE!
HELLO! HELLO!
HEY, YOU! WHAT'S THE IDEA? HERE'S A BOX — WE'LL CHUCK 'EM IN HERE!
WHAT — AN' HAVE UNCLE SAM POUNCE ON US? NIX! I'M GO.N' TO ANOTHER BOX!
U.S. MAIL
DO AS YA PLEASE — BUT I'M GONNA DROP MY STATE — MENTS IN HERE!
YOU'LL ONLY GET IN TROUBLE IF YA DO, GUZZ!
930 BY NEA SERVICE INC
SEE WHAT IT SAYS?
HAW HAW
POST NO BILLS
U.S. MAIL
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.
WELL FOLKS, ON TH' STRENGTH O' WINNIN' TH' $10,000 PRIZE WITH OUR ROMEO AN' JULIET, I'M STAGIN' A BANQUET T'NIGHT! BE ON DECK AT TH' YACHT CLUB AT EIGHT BELLS! ALL TH' MERCHANTS WHO PUT ON THE OTHER PLAYS ARE GONNA BE THERE, TOO!
UP
bowwow!
FOR TH' LOVA LOTTIE, SAM, WATCH YOUR MANNERS T'NIGHT SO TH' MERCHANTS'LL THINK YA ARE SOMEBODY! DON'T BE PIGGISH WITH TH' GRUB AN' TRY AN' ACT LIKE A GENTLEMAN O' CLASS!
WILL YOU HAB ANOTHER SLICE OB PIE, MISTAH?
IS IT CUSTOMARY, RASTUS?
NO SAH — IT AM MINCE!!
REG U.S. PAT OFF ©1928, BY NEA SERVICE, INC.
GUZZ, I DON'T THINK IT'S SAFE FOR YA TO KEEP THAT $10,000 WE WON, AROUND TH' STORE! CAN'T TELL WHAT MINUTE WE'LL BE ROBBED!
DON'T WORRY! I DEPOSITED THAT DOUGH IN TH' NINTH NATIONAL BANK THIS MORNING!
YA DID? WHY THAT BANK JUST CLOSED ITS DOORS!
WHAT?
SURE — THEY ALWAYS DO — AT THREE O' CLOCK!!
SLAM
CENSORED
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ©1928, BY NEA SERVICE, INC.
I JUST CAME IN TO WAIT FOR A CAR, MR. HOWDY —
YEAH? HAVE A CHAIR! I KNOW HOW OFTEN THE CARS RUN —
NIFTY
HOBBY
WELL, HOW'S TH' HUSBAND THESE DAYS?
OH, HE'S TERRIBLY DISCOURAGED WITH HIS WORK! JUST AT PRESENT HE'S CUTTIN' ICE UP IN ALASKA AND IN TH' SUMMER TIME HE RUNS A STEAM ROLLER OVER TH' HOT ROADS!
ADVANCE SALE OF STICKY FLY PAPER
5¢
THAT'S KINDA TOUGH, BUT HE SHOULDN'T BE SO PESSIMISTIC! JUST THINK O' TH' POOR LITTLE MOTH AN' WHAT AN AWFUL LIFE IT LEADS —
TAKE ONE
KENDY SAMPLE THIS
IN TH' SUMMER IT HAS TA WORK IN A FUR COAT AN' IN TH' WINTER IN A BATHIN' SUIT!!
HANDS OFF
SOLD
TRY ONE
NOT FUR SALE

MRS GUZZLEM'S MAID QUIT THIS MORNIN' AN' SHE ASKED ME T' HAVE YA SEND OUT ANOTHER ONE- BE SURE TH' GIRL CAN COOK AN' HAS PLENTY O' BRAINS!

SAY, IF A GIRL HAD ANY BRAINS AT ALL SHE WOULDN'T WORK OUT AT GUZZLEM'S BUT I GUESS I CAN SUPPLY ONE ALL RIGHT!

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

WANTED — A PENSION FOR GENERAL HOUSEKEEPING

WANTED — A HAT BRUSH TO CLEAN THE KENTUCKY DERBY

WANTED MERRY-GO-ROUND TO DO A FEW TURNS ON VAUDEVILLE STAGE

WELL, I SENT YOUR WIFE A NEW COOK, GUZZ!

FINE, SAM- GUESS I'LL EAT DOWN-TOWN T'NIGHT!

POST NO BILLS

OUT OF ORDER

AND ANOTHER THING! OUR LAST GIRL HAD A HABIT OF COMING INTO TH' PARLOR AND PLAYING THE PIANO — YOU DON'T PLAY, DO YOU?

AH'LL SAY AH DOES —

BUT AH GOTTA CHARGE YA TWO FIFTY A WEEK EXTRA IF AH'S GONNA FURNISH MUSIC FO' DE FAMBLY!!

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. © 1928, BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

HOWDY, SAM! JUST DROPPED IN TA SEE IF YOU'D LEND ME TEN BUCKS TILL SATURDAY!

J GUZZLEM + CO- CIGARS + ROPE

"TRY OUR" CHOO CHOO CHEW FOR ENGINEERS

EL PUNKO

SURE, STEVE, GLAD TA HELP YA OUT- JUST HAPPEN TA BE KINDA FLUSH T'DAY!

THANKS, OLD TIMER — NOW DON'T FORGET TA REMIND ME OF THIS!

GAS — DRIVE IN

OH, THASS O.K.— BUT YOU BETTER REMEMBER IT YOURSELF! I'LL FORGET I EVER LOANED IT TO YA!

YEAH? ???

WITH OR WITHOUT STAND $2

HEN FRUIT FROM OUR OWN ORCHARD

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WELL, LET ME TAKE ANOTHER TEN!

HABANA

YES, WE HAV ANA CIGARS

HIT IT!

SMITH

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GOSH, GUZZ, WE'VE DONE A RUSHIN' BUSINESS T' DAY — I'M ALL FAGGED OUT =

YEAH, BUT YA HAVEN'T SOLD ANY OF TH' HAY YA LOADED OUR WAREHOUSE WITH, HAVE YA?

SAMPLE COFFEE TAKE ONE

COFFEE

TAKE ONE

COFFEE

NOPE — MOST O' TH' CUSTOMERS WERE WOMEN AN' I COULDN'T UNLOAD ANY HAY ON THEM, COULD I?

WELL, LISSEN TA ME! SOMETHIN'S GOTTA BE DONE! WE'RE PAYIN' HEAVY RENTAL ON THAT WAREHOUSE, AN' FIGURIN' THAT IN, WE'D ONLY MAKE A SMALL PROFIT ON TH' HAY IF WE SOLD IT RIGHT NOW AT TH' MARKET PRICE!

WHAT ARE YA KICKIN' ABOUT? A SMALL PROFIT'S A SMALL PROFIT, YA KNOW!

SURE = BUT TH TROUBLE IS WE'RE NOT SELLIN' ANY! AN' IF WE KEEP ON AT THIS RATE, TH' RENT O' TH' WAREHOUSE WILL SOON EAT UP ALL OF TH' HAY!

5¢

KENDY 2 A EACH

WE CLOSE AT 5, 5:30 AND 6 - OPEN ALL NIGHT-

WELL, THAT'S ONE WAY OF GETTIN' RID OF IT!!

J. GUZZLEM

TAKE TWO

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WHATS IN A NAME?

A BARREL OF SUGAR, FOR TH' CASH CUSTOMER WHO SUGGESTS THE ONE THAT IS FINALLY DECIDED UPON FOR SAM'S HORSE!

MY MA SENT ME DOWN TA GET A HALFA POUND O' SUGAR AN' SOMETHIN' ELSE I CAN'T REMEMBER =

HERE'S TH' SUGAR, SON, AND JUST FOR THAT YA GET A CHANCE TA SUGGEST A NAME FOR OUR HORSE =

COLLAR FREE IN ONE NECK

OUT OF ORDER

GEE, I THOUGHT OF A SWELL ONE!

THASS FINE! JUST WRITE IT ON THIS PAPER = AN' BE SURE AN' TELL YOUR MOTHER THAT IF TH' NAME YOU PICKED IS TH' ONE WE GIVE TH' HORSE SHE GETS A WHOLE BARREL O' SUGAR!

SOLD

AND THEN FIFTEEN OR FOURTEEN OR MEBBE 13 MINOOTS PASSED!

HEY, MISTER, HERE'S TH' SUGAR I JEST BOUGHT!

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF BRINGIN' IT BACK?

THIS IS THE SUGAR

J GUZZLEM & Co

MY MA SEZ, IF SHE WINS TH' WHOLE BARREL FULL, SHE WON'T NEED THIS!!

FIRST AND ONLY PRIZE

SMITH

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GEE, GUZZ, JUST LISSEN TO TH' NAMES OUR CASH CUSTOMERS HAVE SUGGESTED FOR OUR HORSE — OPHELIA - TOOTS - TESSIE - CHARLEY - MORITZ - DOBBIN - MY THASS AN ORIGINAL ONE - ELIZABETH - ANTHONY - SKINNY AND SLEEPING SICKNESS!

FINE! BUT I'M STILL SORE 'CAUSE YA OFFERED A BARREL O SUGAR AS A PRIZE!

DROP 'EM HERE

10¢

HORSES NAME CONTEST

OH, I THINK YOUR PLAN OF GETTING A NAME FOR YOUR HORSE IS WONDERFUL - EVERY HORSE SHOULD HAVE A NAME = WE USED TO HAVE A CANARY AND WE CALLED HIM "DICKY" — ISN'T THAT A CUNNING NAME?

CERTAINLY IS — AND SO UNUSUAL!

AND I'M SO THRILLED TO THINK THAT THE WINNER GETS A BARREL OF SUGAR = PLEASE PUT DOWN THE NAME OF "FRANKIE" FOR ME- AND I'M GOING TO HOPE AND PRAY EVERY DAY TILL THE CONTEST IS OVER, THAT I WIN THE PRIZE!

WELL, I HOPE YA GET YOUR HOPE — BUT WHY UNDER TH' SUN ARE YOU SO ANXIOUS TA WIN A WHOLE BARREL O' SUGAR?

J. GUZZL

REG U S PAT OFF

WELL, YOU SEE, I HAVE TWO CHILDREN — AND THEY BOTH USE IT ON THEIR OATMEAL!

SHAWKLIT KENDY WERRY CHIP

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THE OFFER OF A BARREL O' SUGAR FOR A GOOD HORSE NAME HAS BROUGHT CUSTOMERS TO SEND IN THE FOLLOWING NAMES THUS FAR — PARDON US, BUT THERE'S SO MANY NAMES WE CAN'T POSSIBLY PRINT 'EM ALL AND WISHING TO SHOW NO PARTIALITY, WE DECIDED NOT TO PRINT ANY!

MERCY, SAM! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE UPSTAIRS SORTING STOCK, AND INSTEAD YOU'RE DOWN IN THE DUMPS! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

OH, I'VE BEEN WORKIN' MY HEAD OFF ON THIS CONTEST TA GET A NAME FOR OUR HORSE, AN' WHAT'S TH' USE?

J. GUZZLEM — PRIVATE

TAKE ONE

DROP 'EM HERE

FIRE SALE OF GOLD FISH

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, WHAT'S THE USE? NAMES HAVE BEEN COMING IN, HAVEN'T THEY?

SURE, BUT GUZZ IS MADDER THAN A HATTER BECAUSE I OFFERED A BARREL O' SUGAR AS A PRIZE!

VANOOLA KENDY — TAKE A TASTE

WHY, I JUST THINK THAT WAS A DANDY IDEA—REALLY!

SO DO I, BUT HE'S BEEN RAISIN' CAIN FOR A WEEK!

SWITCH CHEEZE

CRACK ONE TRY TWO

EGGS

OH, THAT'S JUST YOUR IMAGINATION! I HAVEN'T HEARD HIM HAVING ANY FITS OR THROWING ANYTHING AROUND. WHAT KIND OF CAIN HAS HE BEEN RAISING?

WHY—ER—AH, SUGAR CAIN!

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HEY, MISTER, IS THIS TH' STORE WHERE YOU'RE TRYIN' TA GET A NAME FER YOUR HORSE?

YOU BETCHA! THERE'S A WHOLE BARREL FULL OF NAMES OUR CUSTOMERS HAVE SUGGESTED!

HORSE'S NAME CONTEST

GEE! WOT A SWELL LIST THIS'LL BE!

IZE KOLD IZE KREEM

SOCK 'EM IN HERE

HORSE'S NAME CONTEST

SAY, KID, IF YA WANT TA SUGGEST A NAME FOR OUR HORSE, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TA THINK OF ONE YOURSELF! IT AIN'T FAIR TA COPY NAMES OTHER PEOPLE HAVE SUGGESTED!

AW, I AIN'T WORRIN' ABOUT YOUR NAG—

NAG'S NAME CONTEST

WE GOT A NEW BABY AT OUR HOUSE, AN' I'M TRYIN' TA GET A NAME FER HIM!!

CHUCK 'EM IN HERE

SAME NAME CONTEST

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SO THAT'S TH' HORSE YOU WANT A NAME FOR?

YES, MAM, AN' TH' CUSTOMER WHO SUGGESTS TH' BEST NAME WINS TH' BARREL OF SUGAR =

OUT OF ORDER

PUBLICK + PRIVUT TELEFOAM

HERE'S THE PRIZE

HEY, YOU NINNY, WHAT WAS THE IDEA OF YOU BRINGIN' THAT NAG IN TH' STORE?

THAT LADY WANTED TA LOOK HIM OVER BEFORE SHE SUGGESTED A NAME FOR HIM!

PRIVATE

YEAH! WELL, LOOKUT HERE! TH' HORSE HAS CLEANED OUT TH' PRIZE BARREL, AN' IT WAS TH' SUGAR WE PROMISED TA GIVE TH' WINNER! HOW TH' HECK ARE WE GONNA KEEP OUR PROMISE?

ONLY ONE WAY I KNOW OF, GUZZ—

IZE BOX

IT WAS BUT IT AIN'T

OUT OF ORDER

HERE'S THE PRIZE

GIVE 'EM TH' HORSE!!

5¢

HERE AIN'T THE PRIZE

LEDGER

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STILL UNAWARE THAT SAM HAS TAKEN A JOB WITH A CIRCUS, BY REQUEST GUZZ REMAINS UP IN THE AIR, DOWN IN THE MOUTH, OUT OF SORTS, AND IN A PICKLE OVER HIS ABSENCE.

GEE! I'LL RUN LIKE HECK AN' TELL MR. GUZZLEM AS FAST AS I CAN!

IS THAT RIGHT? FINE! I'LL PHONE TH' POLICE RIGHT OFFA TH' BAT!

J. GUZZLEM — PRIVATE

J. GUZZ

HELLO, CAP! CALL OFF TH' SEARCH FER SAM AN' THANK TH' BOYS FER ME! OUR OFFICE BOY TELLS ME HE'S JUST SEEN SAM!

NOW THEN, RED, JUST WHERE WAS IT YA SAW SAM?

RIGHT HERE, MR. GUZZLEM—

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ON TH' FRONT PAGE O' THIS PAPER!

SAM HOWDY STILL MISSING

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ROOKIE SAM NOW HAS A TEMPORARY JOB WITH CRULLER'S ONE-RING CIRCUS, WHICH HE WILL HOLD UNTIL HE'S EARNED ENOUGH JACK TO PAY FOR THE HAY SONBONATE OFF OF THE CIRCUS TRAIN =

NOW, BE A GOOD GIRLIE, BERTHA — THIS GENT'S GONNA GIVE YA YOUR MORNING BATH =

THIS WASH CLOTH TH' GIRL UP IN TH' LADIES' DRESSIN' TENT GAVE ME AIN'T SO DERN BIG, BUT MEBBE I CAN MAKE IT DO =

POST NO BILLS

SAY! WHO TH' HECK'S GIVIN' THIS BATH— YOU OR ME?

SAM AND BONBON HAVE BEEN MISSING FOR LO THESE MANY DAYS, AND GUZZ, WHO HAS ALREADY TAKEN THE MATTER TO THE PO!ICE, NOW TAKES IT TO HEART=

AN' TA THINK THAT'S TH' VERY HATRACK SAM USED TA HANG HIS HAT AN' COAT ON = GOSH, HOW I MISS HIM = WHEN HE WAS HERE I COULDN'T GET ALONG WITH HIM —

FOR RENT

HOT

COLD

J. GUZZLEM JANITOR PRESIDENT

AN' NOW THAT HE'S GONE, I CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT HIM = POOR OLD SAM = IF I ONLY KNEW WHERE HE IS!

OUR SAM

WATER PROOF STOVE BLACKING

AND, IN THE MEANTIME, SAM, WHO HAS JUST FINISHED THE FIFTH OF THE EIGHT DAYS HE MUST WORK FOR CRULLER'S CIRCUS, IN ORDER TO PAY FOR THE = HAY HIS HORSE ATE, ALSO HAS A 'CASE OF THE BLUES=

BOO HOO! BOO, HOO, HOO!

DON T MONKEY WITH OUR BABOON

REG U S PAT OFF

MIGOSH, SAM, WHAT'S TH' MATTER?

HOMESICK, THASS ALL! I JUST SAW SOME-THIN' THAT REMINDED ME O! MY BOSS!

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NOT KNOWING SAM HAS ESCAPED AND GONE HOME, GUZZ MEETS THE RANSOM DEMANDS OF THE TRAMPS, WHO THINK THEY STILL HOLD SAM CAPTIVE

SO YOU GUYS WANNA MAKE SURE I'VE BROUGHT TH' WHOLE RANSOM, HUH? WELL, THERE YA ARE, GENTS! —

TWO DOZEN BUNS AN' A COUPLA POUNDS OF WEENIES!

HOT DAWG!

HEY, LAY OFF A TH' EATS FER A SECOND! I'VE PAID FOR TH' RELEASE O' SAM HOWDY — NOW SHOW ME WHERE HE IS!

FOLLOW ME!

GEE WHISKERS! HE'S GONE!

WHAT THA-?

REG U S PAT OFF

STOP, YOU BUNCH O' DOUBLE-CROSSERS! WHERE'S SAM HOWDY? GIMME BACK MY WEENIES!!

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BY GOLLY, THAT'S MRS. LOTTA SHEKKLES — AN' SHE'S REGISTER-ING AT OUR HOTEL — THAT'S SURE A BREAK O' LUCK!

MAIL

NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR JOOLERY OR MEALS

YES, CLERK, I'D LIKE TO HAVE THE BEST ROOM IN THE HOUSE=

CERTAINLY, MADAM = WE HAVE A NICE AIRY FRONT ROOM WITH EVERY CONVENIENCE = TH' RATE IS $5 A DAY =

MAIL

PST! PST! OH, SAM!

PARDON ME JUST A MOMENT!

LISSEN HERE! BE SURE YA TREAT THAT WOMAN RIGHT = HER STAYIN' HERE'LL BE A BOOST FOR THE HOTEL = SHE'S GOT MORE MONEY THAN SHE KNOWS WHAT TA DO WITH =

SHE HAS? THANKS FOR TH' TIP, BOSS!

REG U S PAT OFF

NOW, AS I WAS SAYIN' — TH' RATE FER TH' $5 ROOM I'M GIVIN' YOU WILL BE $20 A DAY =

SAM, WE'VE NEGLECTED BUSINESS LATELY ON ACCOUNT O' TH' SHAKES-PEARIAN PLAY WE'RE DOIN' IN TH' MERCHANTS $10,000 CONTEST — NOW T'DAY, WE GOTTA WORK HARD, SEE?

ALLEZ OOP, GUZZ! SOME-ONE'S KNOCKIN' AT TH' DOOR NOW! WHY TH' HECK DON'T THEY WALK IN?

KNOCK!

J GUZZLEM + CO.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

HEY, GUZZ! IT'S ALBERT! TH' PET ALLIGATOR WE AUCTIONED OFF A FEW WEEKS AGO! HE'S COME BACK HOME!

HI, SAM!

J. GUZZLE + CO.

WELCOME, OL' FRIEND! GOSH, I'M GLAD YOU'RE BACK! AN' YOU'RE GONNA STAY HERE THIS TIME!

SOCO

WHASSA MATTER, GUZZ, AIN'TCHA GLAD TA SEE ALBERT?

SURE! BUT I WAS JUST THINKIN' — IF YOU'D ONLY MAKE LOVE T' JULIET IN OUR SHAKESPEAR-IAN PLAY LIKE YA DID TO ALBERT — TH' SCENE WOULD BE A WOW!

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RENTED TO A FRIEND

APPLY TO J. GUZZLEM + CO FOR RENTAL OF ABOVE SPACE

QUESTIONS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

HOW MANY ITCHES IN A SUIT OF FLANNEL UNDERWEAR ?

HEY, SAM — I GOTTA TAKE A RUN DOWN TO PALM BEACH, AND CLOSE A BIG DEAL — WANTA COME ALONG?

I'LL SAY I DO

OUT OF ORDER

WE GOTTA STOP IN NEW YORK FIRST FOR SOME PAPERS, SAM

HEY!

CLOSE YOUR WINDOWS, EVERYBODY — WE'RE COMING TO A TUNNEL

LONDON

WHAT SIDE IS IT ON?

OOP

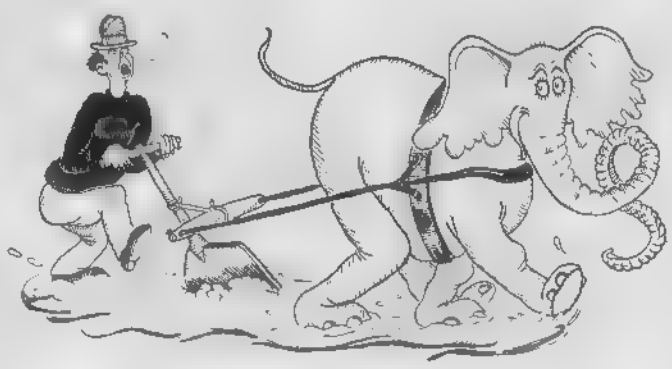
The Forgotten Seuss

As an aficionado and collector of children's books no less than of comic strips—and as an admirer of Dr. Seuss's drawing style and screwball whimsy—I must confess that I am sadly lukewarm about the Seuss Era of children's books.

And the Seuss Era it is; to him can go much the credit, or blame, for the ultra-simplified, sparse-of-work, oh-so-clever thin hardcovers that are produced *en masse* for our youngsters each year. Since *The Cat in the Hat* (I will discuss his earlier books for children later), it seems to me that the majority of children's books have been done by adults for adults—and judges—who gush over the marvelous drollness, the surrealistic quality of the art, and such things, having quite forgotten that juvenile sensibilities might not be so sophisticated.

I mean, "Suppose YOU were shaped like these...or those! Or shaped like a BLOGG! Or a garden hose!"* does rhyme of course, and appears humorous, and may even lead children to appreciate their own shapes (which is a euphemism, I suppose, for one's uniqueness), but hardly gives them points of contact with the real world when the silhouetted "shapes" are Dr. Seuss's patented beasts, snails with feet, and bloggs. Likewise we may chuckle at the zany Seuss creations pictured in *Dr. Seuss's ABC* but the accompanying verses indicate what little minds and eyes see: "Four fluffy feathers on a Fiffer-feffer-feff..." and "What begins with X? I do. I am a Zizzer-zazzer-zuzz as you can plainly see."** Once again, this seems closer to Dadaism than elementary education; and it is certainly closer to imitating childhood sounds and imaginings than expanding or elevating them.

Well, anyway, that's my opinion. Actually it has been since I grew up with *The Cat in the Hat*. I am of that generation, but as much as I was attracted to the irresistible quality of Seuss's cartoons, I always preferred his earlier narrative picture-books *(To Think That I Saw It on Mulberry Street*, etc.), for even though they were designed for slightly older readers, there was not the apparent mixture of condescension and patronization and adult-pleasing motivations. I also preferred the old-fashioned Platt & Munk tales. And the age-old fairy tales. The Brothers Grimm. Hans Christian Andersen. And, as young as I could understand them, the stirring tales of Howard Pyle. Now I don't claim these to be indispensable ingredients to a youngster's library, but I firmly believe that such books are far healthier for the minds and characters of children. For one thing, they were conscious of morals and lessons; in this country we have come to miss the positive influence that the hero-tale exerts... and the *Cat*-era books have the souls ripped from them in this regard. For another, many older books were blatantly and unashamedly affirmative in cultural and ethical values, something, again, absent from *Cat*-era books, products of this society where a spirit of national masochism prevails when questions of values and traditions arise. Finally, these earlier books featured outstanding, rich, lush illustration, which has only very recently returned as a trend in chil-



Ough! Ough!

Or Why I Believe in Simplified Spelling

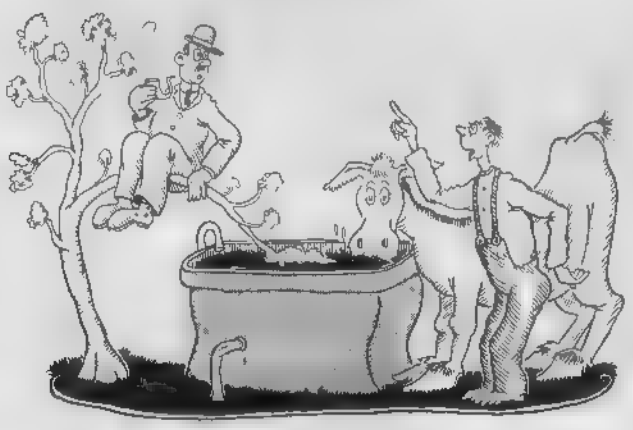
By Dr. Seuss

"The Tough Coughs as he Ploughs the Dough"

It was forty-five years ago, when I first came to America as a young Roumanian student of divinity, that I first met the evils of the *"ough words."* Strolling one day in the country with my fellow students, I saw a tough, coughing as he ploughed a field which (being quite nearsighted) I mistook for pie dough.

Assuming that all *ough words* were pronounced the same, I casually remarked, "The tuff cuffs as he pluffs the d. ff!"

"Sacrilege!" shrieked my devout companions. "He is cursing in Roumanian!" I was expelled from the school.

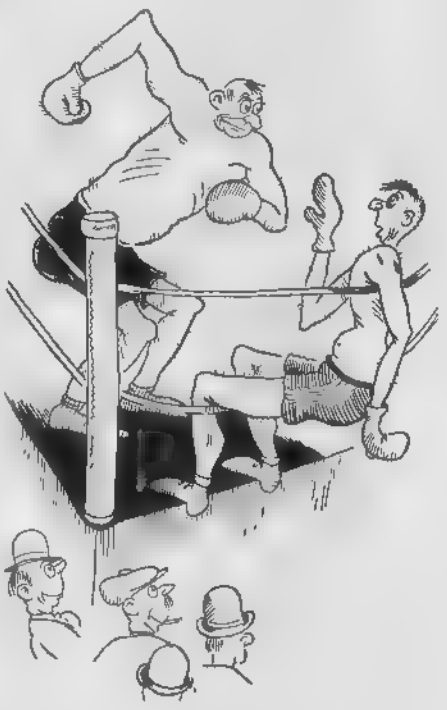


"Mr. Hough, Your Bough is in the Trough"

The ministry being closed to me, I then got a job as a chore boy on the farm of an eccentric Mr. Hough, who happened to spend most of his time on the bough of a tree overhanging a trough. I was watering a colt one morning when I noticed that Mr. Hough's weight had forced the bough down into the water.

"Mr. Hoo!" I shouted, "Your Boo is in the Troo!"

Thinking I was speaking lightly of his wife, Mr. Hough fired me on the spot.



"Enough! Enough! I'm Through!"

So I drifted into the prize ring. But here again the curse of the *oughs* undid me. One night at the Garden, I was receiving an unmerciful trouncing from a mauler twice my size. Near the end of the sixth round I could stand it no longer. I raised my feeble hand in surrender.

"Eno! Eno!" I gulped. "I'm thruff!"

"Insults like that I take from no man!" bellowed my opponent, and he slugged me into a coma!

Something snapped! . . . a maddening flash . . . and all became black. Fifteen years later I awoke to find myself the father of three homely daughters named Xough, Yough and Zough. I had become a thorough-going Aughomaniac.

* *From* The Shape of Me and Other Stuff *by Dr. Seuss. © 1971 Dr. Seuss.*

** *© 1963 Dr. Seuss.*

RICK MARSCHALL

dren's books, partly, I believe, as a reaction against the sterility—however charming and whimsical—of *Cat*-era books.

However, I come not to bury Dr. Seuss, but to resurrect him.

The earlier childrens' books he produced are classics of their kind, and ancient history to fans of this genius. But I would like to blow the dust off a large body of even earlier work that is forgotten today. Its quality is stunning, as are its visual delights. Taken as a whole, it should cause scholars to consider a place for Dr. Seuss, not only in the halls of American Childrens Literature, but in the Hallowed Places of American Literary and Cartoon Humor. What today is whimsy and educated drollery began in Dr. Seuss's salad days as screwball comedy as freewheeling as any of his era.

For Dr. Seuss was a magazine writer and a magazine cartoonist of the first rank in the 1920s and early '30s. He rubbed elbows with, and was squarely in the traditions of, the Marx Brothers, S.J. Perelman, and others.

Let us back up a little bit: Theodor Seuss Geisel was born in Springfield, Massachusetts, on March 2, 1904. As a student at Dartmouth, his cartoons appeared in the campus humor magazine, the *Jack-O-Lantern*, and attracted the attention of Norman Anthony, the irrepresible editor (and chief talent-hunter) of *Judge*. Anthony's taste was superb—he had recently plucked the cartoonist S.J. Perelman from the *Brown Jug* (humor magazine of Brown University)—but it must be admitted, in retrospect, that the Roaring Twenties were brimming with new talent in the humor field. "The Time of Laughter," Corey Ford, one of the decade's own, called it.

Frank Sullivan remembered, "We lived in a fool's paradise, or on the edge of a volcano; take your choice." He referred to the heady atmosphere of prosperity, a victorious war "to end all wars" just finished, the speakeasy subculture, women's emancipation—mixed at the same time with underlying economic troubles; a generation of men warped by the hypocrisies and folly of foreign war, crime and lawlessness as a way of life, and the breakdown of moral values. Ford does evoke the gayer side with a vision that approximates a Heaven of Humor: F.P.A., Marquis, Woolcot, Broun, and Sullivan in the New York dailies; Lardner in the *Saturday Evening Post;* Benchley, Parker, Sherwood, Gluyas Williams, and others in *Life;* W.C. Fields, Will Rogers, and the Marx Brothers live on Broadway; Chaplin, Keaton, and Lloyd in the movies. To that he might have added all the great cartoonists in the comics strips and the hotbed of screwball, surrealistic nonsense in *Judge* Magazine's little corner of the world.

When Dr. Seuss hit the scene, late in 1927, S.J. Perelman was already a fixture primarily as a cartoonist; both artists were to "graduate" to longer and longer text pieces, although Seuss settled on the cartoon side about the time Perelman abandoned the pen. What was immediately apparent, however, was the flavor and direction of Seuss's work. Here was a man who had a sure non-sense of his place in history.

We can discern three coexistent and distinct schools of humor in this Time of Laughter. The first was the Little Man school and his chronicled crusade for self-preservation in the face of the Modern World: He was Benchley, Harold Lloyd, Charley

The Multiplying-Olive Pips

During my student days in a jungle village of India, I was recently invited to the funeral of the local Mirwadji. None of the carelessly selected guests were at all well accustomed and had I not been quick to take the situation in hand, the whole party would have gone on the rocks. Collecting the spectators in a clubby little knot, I stepped up to the widow. "Why, Mrs Mirwadji!" I exclaimed in a mock scandalized voice. "What a time for *you*, of all people, to have *olive pips* in your ears!" I then plucked more pips from the other guests, and then, the proper atmosphere of conviviality having been established, I plucked one or two from the deceased. This brought the house down.

"Cow-out-of-Pocket"

This one is a riot, and I introduce it like this. "Will some gent oblige me by stepping up onto the platform?" I ask. "Any one at all . . . you, for instance." And I beckon to the man in seat J-22. Once he comes up it is a relatively simple matter to extract the cow from his upper right hand vest pocket. *"You old milk sop, you!"* is the humorous line with which I accompany the action.

Explanation: The hard part of the trick is always done before the show by my reliable cow-man, Halsey. He waits in ambush at the box-office for someone to purchase seat J-22. This done, he has an "accidental" way of brushing up against him and "planting" the cow.

Floating-Damosel-and-Kitten

In this exhibition a high caste Hindu maiden and a black tom cat lie flat on their backs side by side on the stage. After placing them in a trance, I make a few mystic passes over their bodies, and lo! still horizontal, they rise slowly into the air, where they float about loosely.

Explanation: Floating in the air is really no harder than floating in water. In learning, the pupil is held aloft by waterwings blown up with helium gas. As soon as the beginner has mastered the rudiments, the waterwings may be dispensed with entirely.

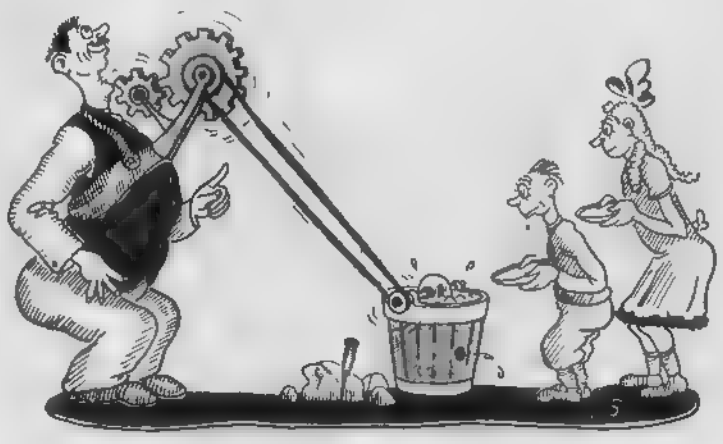
My Three Best Tricks and How I Do Them

By the World-Famed Magician

Yogi Seuss

(*Note:* Some time ago the great Yogi issued a challenge to the chief of police of this city to sew him handcuffed, into a burlap bag, lock him inside of a ten-inch steel safe, and hurl him from the Brooklyn Bridge into the river. This was done. After waiting three hours for the Yogi to escape and rise to the surface, the chief pronounced the attempt a failure. But on his return to his office he was greatly astonished to find the great magician already there, calmly playing at jack stones with the police matron. The suspicions chief investigated. When the safe was hauled out of the river, it was found to contain a *second* Yogi, the real Yogi having talked him to take his place.

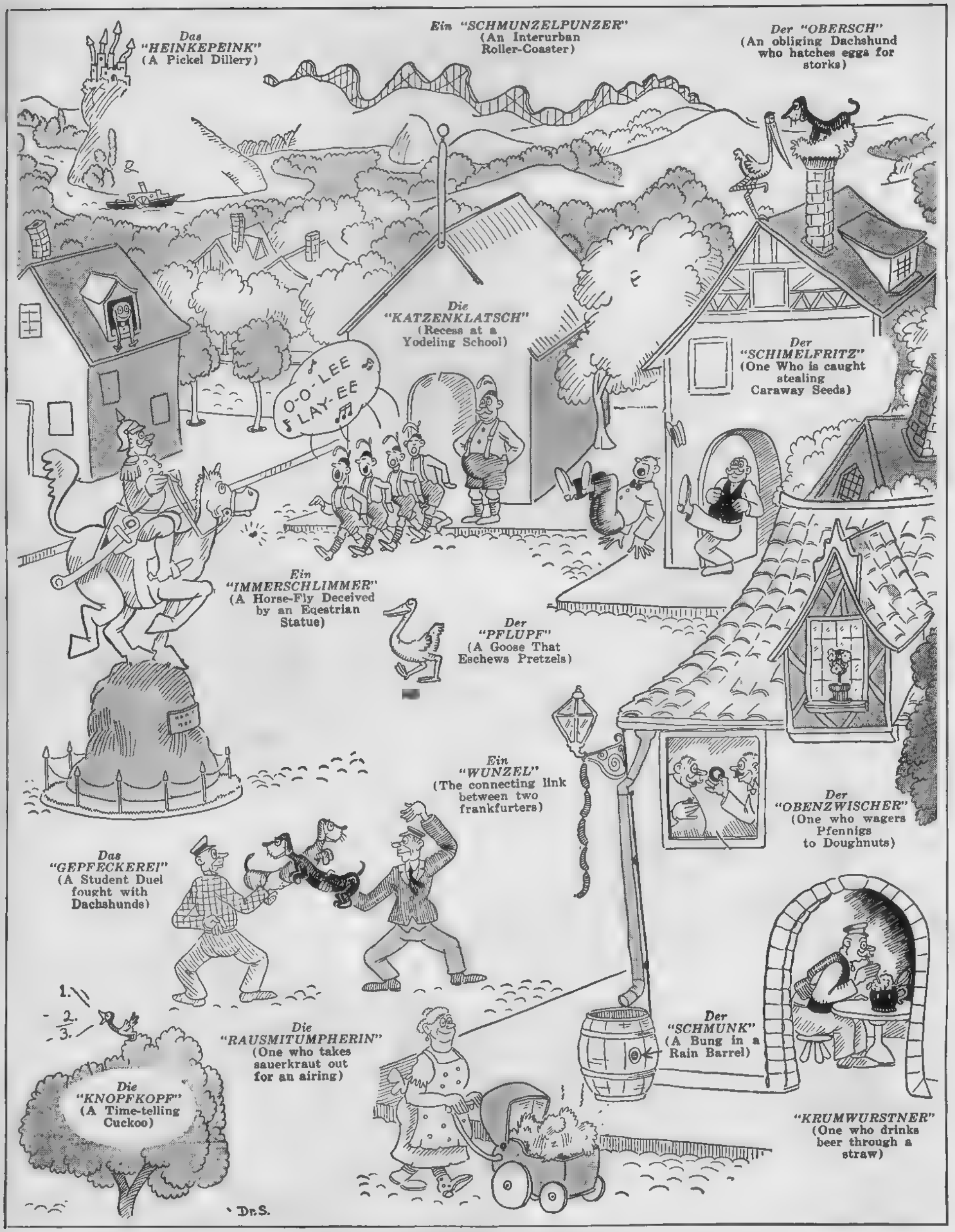
The chief immediately challenged the man to an even sterner test of his powers. The Yogi is now in a padded cell in Sing Sing, having the rest of his life to figure out an exit.)



Can Adam's-Apple Energy Be Harnessed?

In less than a million years, scientists tell us, our coal and wood resources will be exhausted. How then will our steamboats and railroads be operated? What then will keep the wheels of industry in motion?

"The answer is in the up-and-down action of the Adam's Apple," says Joachim Mueller, German physicist. As a proof of its potentiality, Herr Mueller is shown operating the family ice-cream freezer by Adam's Apple power.


Das "HEINKEPEINK" (A Pickel Dillery)
Ein "SCHMUNZELPUNZER" (An Interurban Roller-Coaster)
Der "OBERSCH" (An obliging Dachshund who hatches eggs for storks)
Die "KATZENKLATSCH" (Recess at a Yodeling School)
O-O-LEE FLAY-EE
Der "SCHIMELFRITZ" (One Who is caught stealing Caraway Seeds)
Ein "IMMERSCHLIMMER" (A Horse-Fly Deceived by an Equestrian Statue)
Der "PFLUPF" (A Goose That Eschews Pretzels)
Ein "WUNZEL" (The connecting link between two frankfurters)
Der "OBENZWISCHER" (One who wagers Pfennigs to Doughnuts)
Das "GEPFECKEREI" (A Student Duel fought with Dachshunds)
1.
2.
3.
Die "KNOPFKOPF" (A Time-telling Cuckoo)
Die "RAUSMITUMPHERIN" (One who takes sauerkraut out for an airing)
Der "SCHMUNK" (A Bung in a Rain Barrel)
"KRUMWURSTNER" (One who drinks beer through a straw)
Dr. S.

LIFE's Little Educational Charts.
The German Language at a Glance.

Chase, Andy Gump, Rudy Nebb, and the cartoon creations of Oluyas Williams. The second school represented less bourgeois and more cynical types: Here were Ring Lardner, H.L. Mencken, Don Marquis, John Held, Percy Crosby, and Willard's *Moon Mullins*.

The third school—the screwball school—is much more exclusive. It is the school of zaniness, irreverence, iconoclasm, universal parody, and sometimes a literary approximation of anarchy. In print, the practitioners were (sometimes) Lardner, Benchley, as well as George Ade, Stephen Leacock, and of course Perelman. On the stage it was the Marx Brothers; in the comics it was *Salesman Sam*, Rube Goldberg, Milt Gross, and, in a sense, Segar; among the cartoonists there was Dr. Seuss. His first cartoon for *Judge* appeared October 22, 1927.

Even the name was funny, although it was his authentic middle name (the degree was not authentic in the beginning). Parody was the immediate mode and in a *Judge* piece, Dr. Theophrastus Seuss wrote a memoir entitled "How I Spied on General Grant in '61." It was embellished with a cartoon drawn like a moldy daguerreotype with an arrow pointing out the three-year-old Seuss between U.S. Grant and some other lunatic Seussian characters. The text, entirely appropriate, began, "Now that the Civil War is over and harsh feelings are beginning to die down, I feel that my story may be told safely . . ."

The piece was a satire on both maudlin and flowery literature, on Victorian prose (favorite target of Perelman, who was doing similar pieces), on sentiment, nostalgia, emotion. This and other parodies to follow would be spiced with 1920s slang, song titles, and totally absurd plot twists. Along the way such writers as Horatio Alger and Bruce Barton took sever drubbings. Puns are everywhere, and advertisements of the day are lampooned throughout.

From the beginning, Seuss's drawing style bore the stamp of its later, familiar look: the scratchy crosshatching; the wistful backgrounds, props and border-lines; the silly-putty anatomy. His figures are elongated, and of course from the start the animals sprang from Seuss's imagination in every conceivable manner of appearance.

The improbable animal creations have become his trademark, and unfortunately (for all their charm) have eclipsed his talents as a wordsmith; and although the nonsense rhymes are part-and-parcel of the *Cat in the Hat* period, Seuss *himself* has brought about the eclipse of his prose wizardry.

Seuss's human characters have always had somewhat dazed, always daffy expressions. In the *Judge* cartoons they seemed to float through a surreal world as dippy mannequins merely playing roles. Their eyes are forever bugged, with frilly eyelashes carefully drawn. And like the early Perelman, Victorian manners, morals, dress, and conventions were prime targets for Seuss's persiflage. The cartoons were drawn, and seen, through a screwball prism.

Seuss was to examine, *ad hilarium*, the origins of cliches, customs, and folklore. "The horns of a dilemma" became a zoological treatise on the Dilemma, an animal with enormous horns, and the various methods of navigating a ride thereon by hardy experimenters. And so on. These car-

Our Emotional Apparati and How They are Controlled

The Spleen, the Ardour, the Gumption and the Dander all demand as much attention as the Teeth and the Nails

By Dr. Theophrastus Seuss

The Care of the Gumption

One part of the human equipment that should never be slighted is the Gumption. To cure one of chronic laziness and sloth, stir the Gumption vigorously on the first Tuesday following the first Monday of every month.

Where Is the Dander, and How to Get It Up?

There are two divergent schools of thought concerning the Dander, each claiming that it is situated in a different locality. Hence, when you want to get your Dander Up, you must employ two doubtful methods alternately. (*Note*—The same confusion exists in regards to the Ire, which may be roused much in the same fashion.)

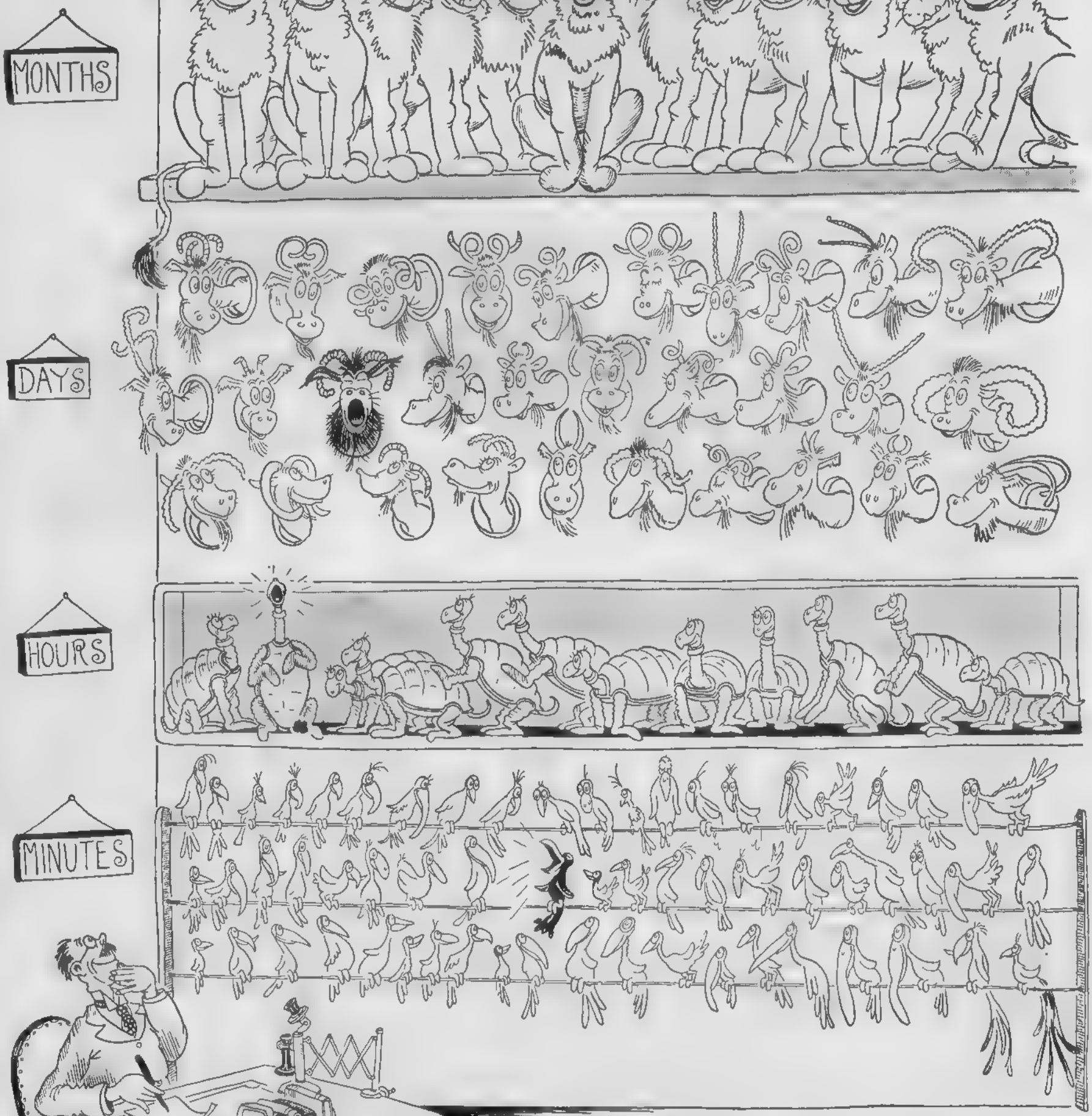
The World Now Ardour-Conscious

A few years ago, no lady could mention her Ardour without a blush. Today, happily, people are more frank. They have their Ardours dampened regularly by experts, and discuss the treatment afterwards without the least embarrassment.

The Fine Art of Yawning

"It is always correct to yawn when bored," says Prof. Zeno Chilk of the Chilk School of Yawning. "But to yawn the same way at everyone is decidedly gauche There are over three thousand different kinds of yawns, each depending on the social station of the yawnee." Prof. Chilk is shown instructing a pupil in the first five.

Life's Little Educational Charts



Beautifying the Science of Time Telling

"Two things," says Hepburne Snibe, "are making Babbitts of us all . . . **The Calendar and the Clock!** *The constant sight of numbers drives poetry from our souls."*

Snibe's substitute, the Animovoxometer, fulfills the duties of both and feeds the aesthetic sense to boot. In this device, the month is indicated by the roar of one of twelve month-conscious lions . . . the day, by the bleat of one of thirty trained antelopes . . . the hour, by the clucking of one of a dozen turtles . . . while the chirp of one of sixty chickadees tells you the minute!

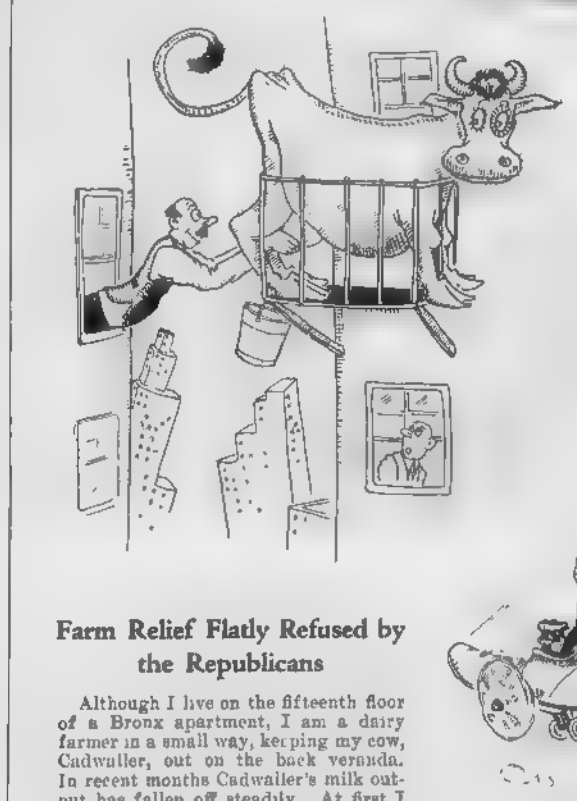
In the scene above, as the reader can see at a glance, it is the thirteenth day of June, and the time is precisely 2:29.

toons on a theme would be three or four to a full page, in line or wash, in *Judge*, often under the titles *Boids and Beasties* or *Fish, Beast and Bird: A Piscozooavistical Survey*. In *Life*, for which he also drew when Norman Anthony switched as editor, his onslaughts on logic (although in a sense they were superlogical) were entitled *Life's Little Educational Charts*.

On January 14 and March 21, 1928, Dr. Seuss used a can of Flit, an insecticide, in cartoons, and no doubt because of this he became the cartoonist for Flit's advertisements when a fortuitous ad campaign was devised. The first apeared on June 2, 1928, and they continued in many magazines for years. Seuss's weird bugs and other creations were just the things needed to convey the menace that could be avoided with a flit of Flit. "Quick, Henry, the Flit!" became the popular catchword (no doubt a play on the cliched Holmesian "Quick, Watson, the needle!"), and the fame of Seuss's cartoons and their catch-line seems to have outpaced the popularity of the product itself.

Dr. Seuss was active into the mid-'30s with cartoons, textbook parodies, ads, wash drawings, and color cover paintings. During these years, and perhaps because of the Depression's effects, Seuss began to produce childrens' books.

During World War II, Seuss served with the Army Signal Corps Educational Division, winning, among other distinctions, the Legion of Merit for his film work. In the 1940s, his versatility led him to conquer even more diverse fields: he drew political cartoons for the leftwing newspaper *PM* in New York and entered the field of animation, winning Oscars in 1946 (Best Documentary Short for *Hitler Lives*), 1947 (Best Documentary Feature for *Design for Death*), and 1951 (Best Animated Cartoon for the strikingly innovative *Gerald McBoing Boing*). He also worked on the feature film *The 5000 Fingers of Dr. T.* (1953), which is virtually a Dr. Seuss cartoon brought to life (his startlingly distinctive set designs are a dead giveaway). It was soon thereafter, as president and publisher of Beginner Books, that Seuss launched what we referred to above as the revolution in the childrens' book field with his simplified, colorful *Cat in the Hat* series.



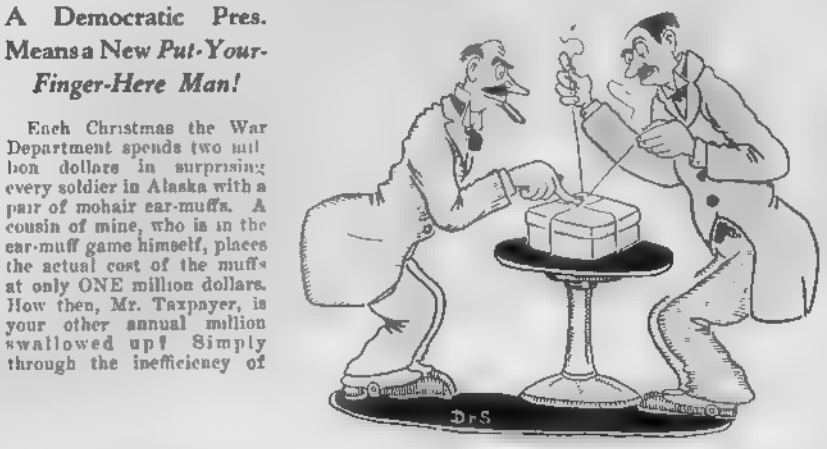
Why I Turned Democrat

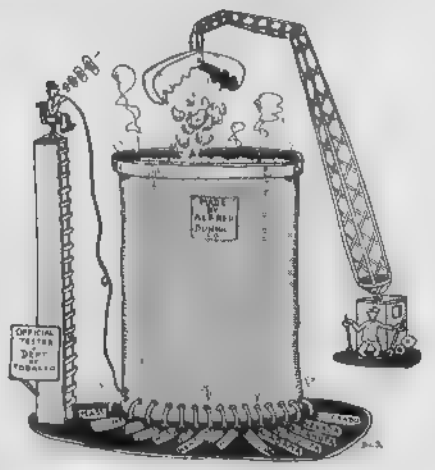
Four Noisome Republican Abuses That Occasioned My Conversion—By Dr. Seuss

A Democratic Pres. Means a New *Put-Your-Finger-Here Man!*

Each Christmas the War Department spends two million dollars in surprising every soldier in Alaska with a pair of mohair ear-muffs. A cousin of mine, who is in the ear-muff game himself, places the actual cost of the muffs at only ONE million dollars. How then, Mr. Taxpayer, is your other annual million swallowed up? Simply through the inefficiency of the two men who do the wrapping—the *String Man* and the *Put-Your-Finger-Here Man*. The latter gets his finger there all right, but he is so slow when it comes to pulling it away that it usually gets tied onto the bundle. The extra time involved in getting his digit out accounts for the wasted million.

Al Smith would give this job to a couple of experts, the *String Man* and the *Put-Your-Finger-Here Man* who worked with him in that fish market down on the old East Side.





A Republican Plot Against Personal Liberty

In 1918 Herbert Hoover went abroad to feed the Belgians. When the banquet was over and the cigars were being lighted, Mr. Hoover made known his Philosophy of Tobacco. "If I am ever president," he is said to have said, "I propose to abolish all individual smoking in America. I do not mind smoking in itself, but at the same time I don't want to see the boys playing with matches." Mr. Hoover's plan would have all *private pipes* destroyed, and in their place would erect one *central pipe* in Washington. Each state would receive its quota of smoke through one of the forty-eight stems, each city would maintain a sub-branch off the main line, and each family would have a nozzle in its parlor, payment being made in accordance with the monthly meter reading.

Democrats, to arms! Shall we allow a Secretary of Tobacco to choose and dictate the brand we are to smoke??????

Farm Relief Flatly Refused by the Republicans

Although I live on the fifteenth floor of a Bronx apartment, I am a dairy farmer in a small way, keeping my cow, Cadwaller, out on the back veranda. In recent months Cadwaller's milk output has fallen off steadily. At first I blamed this on the new next-door skyscraper which is shutting out the sunlight, but last week I discovered the true reason. Every morn at dawn the man across the alley leans over and milks Cadwaller dry! Thrice I have begged the Department of Agriculture to intervene, but my letters remain unanswered. In the meantime the thievery goes on, and will go on, I suppose, until the day that Al moves into the White House.

Aerial Outlawry

With all their talk about law and order, what have the Republicans done toward cleaning up Vice in the Air!!!! The illustration depicts just one of its many grim aspects — aerial sneak thievery. Unhampered by the police, the winged felon is successfully picking an air pocket.

Seuss has also scored a large success in the field of TV animation, no doubt the field most familiar to fans after his second-wave childrens' books. He was won Peabody Awards for *How the Grinch Stole Christmas* and *Horton Hears a Who*, as well as the Critics' Award at the Zagreb Festival for *The Lorax*. Among his other credits are honorary degrees from his *alma mater* (he had also studied at Lincoln College, Oxford, England, between Dartmouth and *Judge* work), and the American International College. He has designed a line of toys for Mattel and a line of furniture for Sears, Roebuck.

It is abundantly clear that the genius who is Dr. Seuss has mastered every facet of his profession. What a pity that fans and an adoring public know virtually nothing of his screwball cartoon origins; it is a body of work, I maintain, that alone would have assured him a place of honor in the history of cartooning. □

Forty or fifty years ago, when I was a boy, I swore like a trooper. Although my mother continually washed out my mouth with soap and water, today I swear worse than ever. Mother's mistake was in using *only one kind of soap!* Modern mothers realize that every single curse word must be treated individually with a special brand of suds.

This piece originally appeared, in slightly different form, in The Comics Journal *#72, May 1982.*

The Nut Brothers

Gene Ahern was connected with Screwball material his whole career. Even his "conventional" strips, *Our Boarding House with Major Hoople*, and its King Features counterpart, *Room and Board with Judge Puffle*, dealt with absurd posing, tall tales, and exploded fantasies. His first feature was *Squirrel Food*, by design a crazy daily strip devoted to nutty people and their misadventures. And his top strips—over the rooming-house Sunday pages—were as wacky as anything Bill Holman ever concocted.

The Nut Brothers, Ches and Wal by name, starred over Ahern's NEA Sunday page, *Our Boarding House*. Their feature was a quarter page of nonsense—sometimes the panels would sequentially unfold a joke, and sometimes they bore no relation even to each other; the brothers would change costumes from panel to panel, and absurdities would abound. A flying fish would be held on a leash, and hands would grow from the ground, clutching flowers.

After 15 years of this insanity with NEA, Ahern was lured to King in the mid-'30s to continue Sals Bostwick's moribund *Room and Board*, a virtual mirror-image of *Major Hoople*. And the Sunday top strip had an affinity with *The Nut Bros.*, too: *The Squirrel Cage*. This strip featured stronger continuity, as well as a stronger—and, if possible, stranger—personality, the Little Hitchhiker. Thumbing for rides was his only passtime, and no rides ever came. And to the consternation of his "normal," obsessed nemesis, the Hitchhiker spoke only in some vague, burlesque-style Slavic dialect.

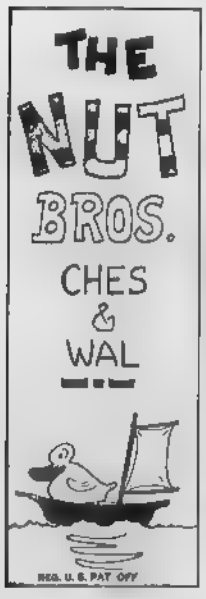
"Nov Shmoz Ka Pop?" was his constant utterance, and the phrase has lived through the ages . . . at least in comic trivia quizzes today. But Ahern and his Screwball creations should always live as masterpieces of inspired lunacy.

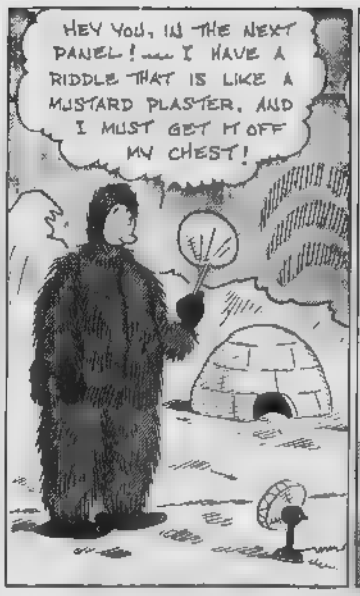
—*R.M.*

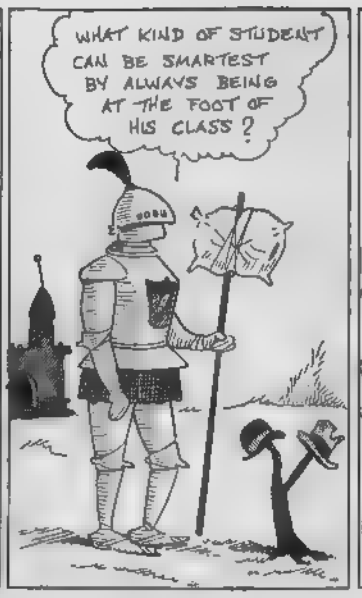
IF YOU CHOP SUEY WHAT WILL IT BE?
CHOW-MEIN DISH!
SUB GUM, EH, KID?
YOU MEAN SOME FUN-WHAT'S TH' MATTER, GOT A COLD?
WELL, THEN, I'LL HAVE A JINRIKISHA!
NEVER HEARD OF THAT DRINK!
POP
MOM
SAND BAR
GEE, I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A COOLIE IN HOT WEATHER!
YOU'LL BE COOLIE FOR LONG TIMEE NOW!
HONG KONG
COPR. 1938 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

THE NUT BROS.

CHES & WAL

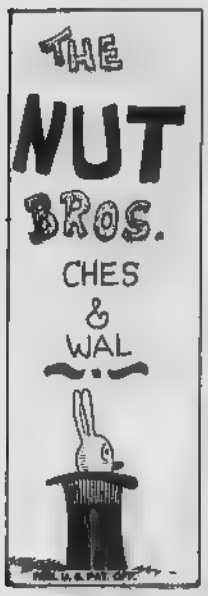


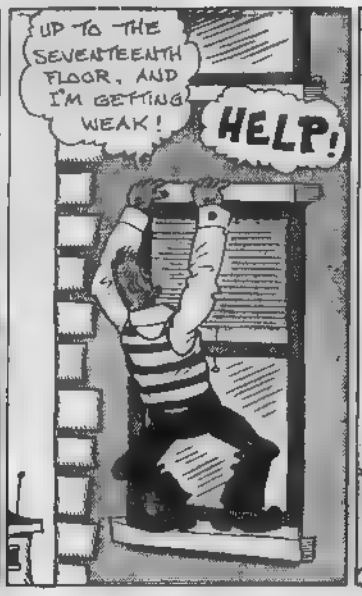


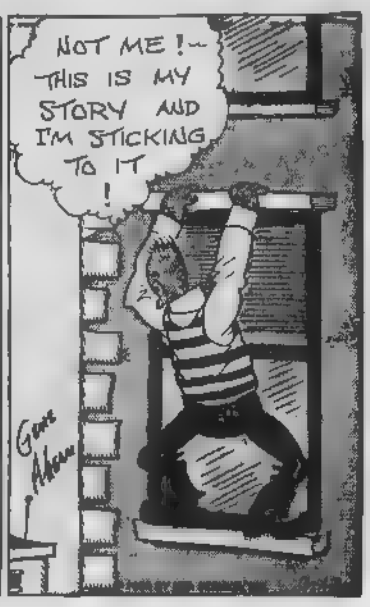


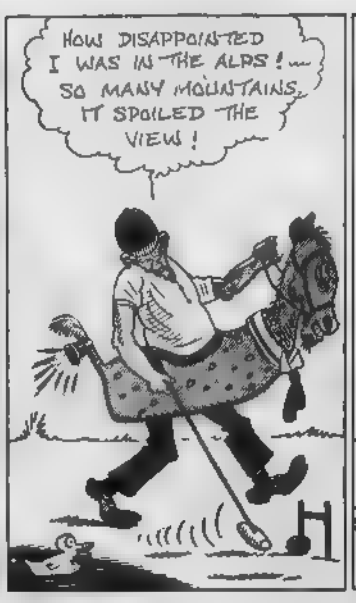
THE NUT BROS.

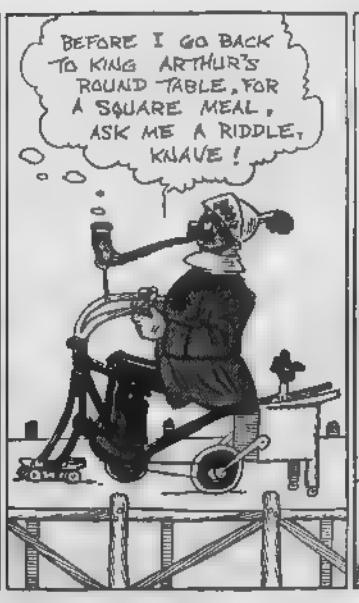
CHES & WAL



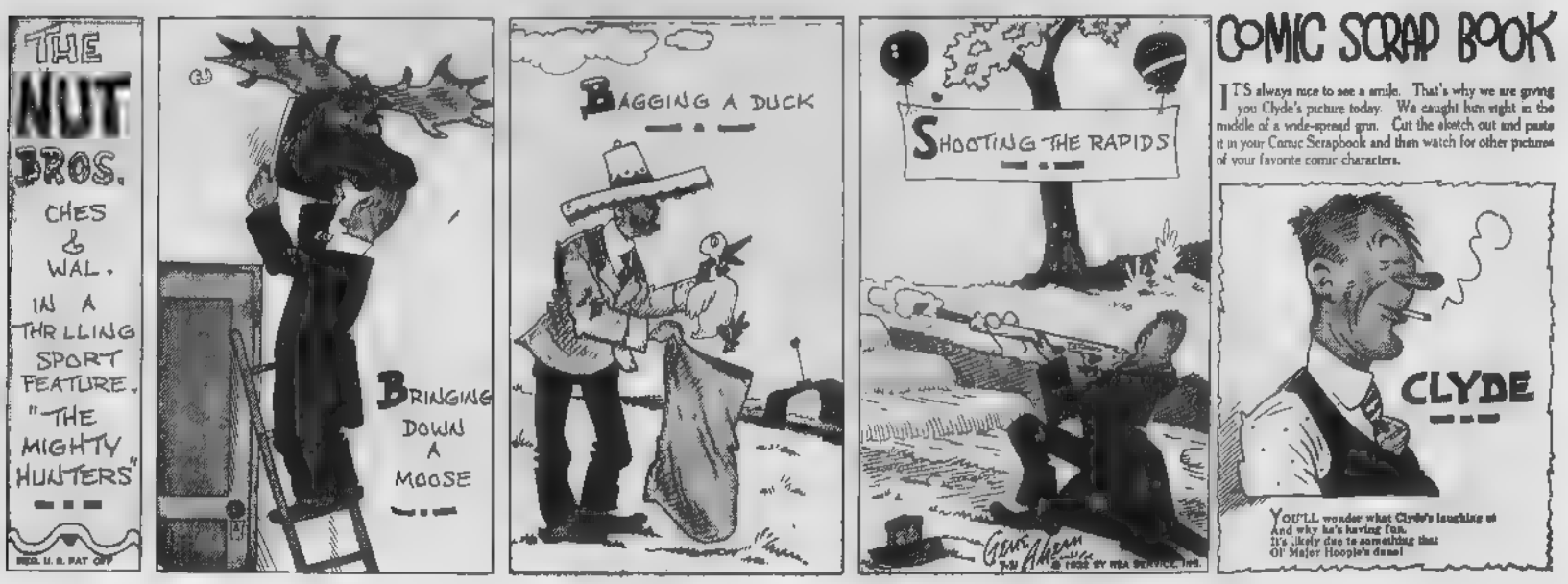








THE NUT BROS.
CHES & WAL
A SHOE TREE - OH YEAH!
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A MIDGET GETS ON A PENNY SCALES ?
WELL, HE GETS SHORT WEIGHTED !
IT'S A FACT THAT IN PARIS THERE ARE MARKETS THAT SELL HORSE MEAT!
I SUPPOSE IT IS SERVED A LA CART!
WHO VAS DOT FLUTE I SEEN YOU MIT, IN DER ORCHESTRA LAST NIGHT?
DOT VAS NO FLUTE — DOT VAS MY FIFE!
I'LL LET YOU OUT, IF YOU CAN SUGGEST TWO DOGS FOR AN AVIATOR!
AN AIRDALE AND A SKY-TERRIER !

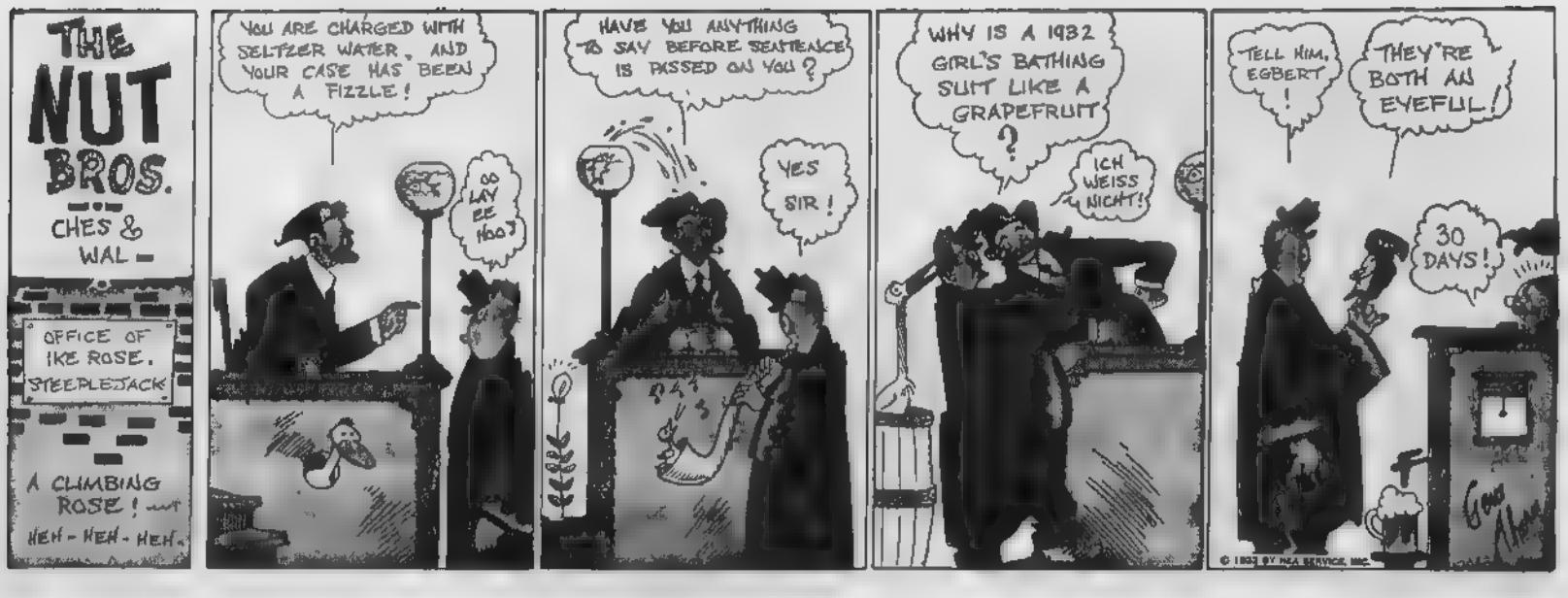

THE NUT BROS.
CHES & WAL.
IN A THRILLING SPORT FEATURE, "THE MIGHTY HUNTERS"
BRINGING DOWN A MOOSE
BAGGING A DUCK
SHOOTING THE RAPIDS

COMIC SCRAP BOOK

IT'S always nice to see a smile. That's why we are giving you Clyde's picture today. We caught him right in the middle of a wide-spread grin. Cut the sketch out and paste it in your Comic Scrapbook and then watch for other pictures of your favorite comic characters.

THE NUT BROS.
CHES & WAL
A STEEPLE CHASE
WHY IS IT FOR 17 YEARS I NEVER HAVE SEEN YOU WEAR ANYTHING BUT SOFT COLLARS?
WELL, MY DIET DOCTOR WARNED ME TO AVOID ANYTHING WITH STARCH IN IT!
THAT MUST HAVE BEEN BEFORE THE TIME WHEN YOU WERE FIRED FROM THE BULLET FACTORY!
YES — I WAS A BLANK AT MAKING CARTRIDGES, SO THEY DISCHARGED ME!
THEN I TOOK UP ARCHITECTURE! — DESIGNING COTTAGE PUDDINGS!
OH YES, I WAS A MANICURIST THEN, IN A BAKERY, FOR LADY FINGERS!
AFTER THAT I WENT IN FOR CONSTRUCTING MOUNTAIN ROADS, BUT I WASN'T ABLE TO MAKE THE GRADE!
AND I WAS KICKED OUT OF BARBER COLLEGE FOR CUTTING CLASSES AND TRIMMING THE BOYS AT DICE

CHES AND WAL NUT!
TWELVE BURGLARS BROKE INTO MY HOUSE LAST NIGHT! — NOBODY WAS IN, BUT THE BURGLARS WERE BADLY BEATEN UP!
I'LL BITE, AS THE LION SAID TO THE GAZELLE — HOW WERE THE TWELVE BURGLARS BADLY BEATEN UP, WHEN THE HOUSE WAS EMPTY?
WELL — THE CLOCK STRUCK THREE — THE RUG FLOORED ANOTHER — THE DOOR SLAMMED A BIG ONE — THE GARTERS SOCKED A COUPLE OTHERS —
THE THERMOMETER DROPPED TWO MORE — THE BED LAID OUT ANOTHER — AND THE COFFEE BEANED THE LAST TWO!
BULLA BULLA!


THE NUT BROS.
CHES & WAL
OFFICE OF IKE ROSE, STEEPLEJACK
A CLIMBING ROSE! HEH-HEH-HEH.
YOU ARE CHARGED WITH SELTZER WATER, AND YOUR CASE HAS BEEN A FIZZLE!
SO LAY EE HOO?
HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY BEFORE SENTENCE IS PASSED ON YOU?
YES SIR!
WHY IS A 1932 GIRL'S BATHING SUIT LIKE A GRAPEFRUIT?
ICH WEISS NICHT!
TELL HIM, EGBERT!
THEY'RE BOTH AN EYEFUL!
30 DAYS!
© 1932 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

THE NUT BROS.
CHES & WAL
A BOTTLE AND HORSE FLY
IF I COULD INVENT A WAY TO MAKE ICE CREAM TOAST MY FORTUNE WOULD BE MADE!
AH THERE MY MAN, — WHAT HAS NINE EYES, — A LONG SNOUT, AND RUNS IN A CIRCLE?
I'LL GIVE YOU THE ANSWER IN DEAR OLD ARABIA!
A POTATO, — A SPRINKLING CAN, AND A MERRY-GO-ROUND!
COMIC SCRAP BOOK
NOW is the time to turn a new leaf—of your Comic Scrapbook. And then paste in this sketch of your crazy friends, The Nut Brothers. Better paste it on tight, too, for they're just silly enough to jump right out, if you don't. Be sure and watch for other sketches of comic characters, which are coming at later dates
The two Nut Brothers, Ches and Wal, Are anxious to devise you all So they put on one of their tricks! My! Aren't they an awful fix?

THE NUT BROS.
CHES & WAL
THE FLYING TRAPEZE OF DANDRUFFIA.
AID! — SUCCOR! — AND GOOD OLD FASHIONED HELP!
CAN I BE OF ANY HELP, PODNER? — I'M SHERIFF OF THESE PARTS — JUST CALL ME OLD HONEST CLEM'S BOY, RODNEY!
WELL, RODNEY, — HELP ME OUT ON THIS! — WHAT HAS A TRUNK — EATS PEANUTS — AND NEVER FORGETS?
THE BAGGAGEMAN! A BASEBALL FAN! AND THE LANDLORD!

THE NUT BROS.
CHES & WAL
WHAT MAKES YOUR VOICE SO HUSKY?
LAST NIGHT, DURING A NIGHT-MARE, I JUMPED OUT OF BED AND CAUGHT A COLT, WHICH MAKES ME A LITTLE HOARSE!
SPEAKING OF HORSES, WHY IS A FOUR-QUART PAIL LIKE A LADY'S ENGLISH SIDE SADDLE?
BECAUSE THEY WERE BOTH MADE TO HOLD A GAL ON!
JUST FOR THAT, YOU'LL EAT THIS WHOLE BALE!
3-20

THE NUT BROS
CHES & WAL
AHOY THERE, FISHERMAN! WHAT KIND OF FISH ARE YOU ANGLING FOR?
AN ENGLISH SHOE-FISH! ~TH' EEL AND SOLE!
HAVE ANY LUCK YET?
WELL, I HAD A HEAVY BREAKFAST AND A BITE AT NOON!
WHAT KIND OF BAIT DO YOU USE?
I'M USING AN APPLE!
AH, SIR ~ BUT YOU SHOULD USE A WORM FOR BAIT!
THERE'S ONE IN THE APPLE!
Gene Ahern.
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The NUT BROS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
CHES & WAL
BY Gene Ahern
THIS IS A HORSE ON YOU.
KIND SIR, I ADVISE YOU TO BE CAREFUL WITH THAT REWOLWER.
OH, DON'T FUSS AND FUME. I DON'T KNOW IT'S LOADED.
WHEN I SING AT A THEATER YOU CAN HEAR A PIN DROP!
AND WHEN YOU BOWL AT THE ALLEYS YOU CAN'T.
I DON'T KNOW WHETHER IT'S CORRECT TO STIR COFFEE WITH THE RIGHT OR LEFT HAND.
WHY NOT TRY USING A SPOON?
ONE IN A MILLION
THIS TASTES JUST LIKE THE CAKE MY MOTHER USED TO MAKE.

THE SQUIRREL CAGE
By Gene Ahern.
Registered U. S. Patent Office.
DO YOU OBJECT TO ME PUTTING UP A POLITICAL SIGN ACROSS FROM YOUR HOUSE?
NO!-PUT IT IN FRONT OF THAT LITTLE HITCH-HIKER, SO IT WILL HIDE HIM FROM VIEW!
SUSK KAMMA GOW!
VOTE FOR
OSCAR SADDLESOAP
GSK!
R-R-RIP
SCAR S. OAP
VOTE FOR
VOTE FOR
NOV SHMOZ KA POP?
VERSK SPOL GOOMA VAZ OSKA MOL VADOOSK!
VOTE FOR
NOV SHMOZ KA POP?
BEFORE HE GETS MY VOTE, WHAT'S HIS STAND ON HIGHWAYS?~I'M FOR SHORTER ONES!
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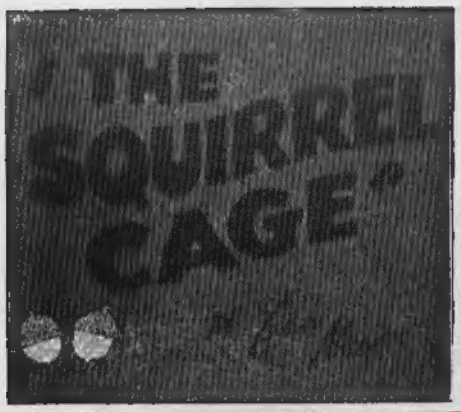
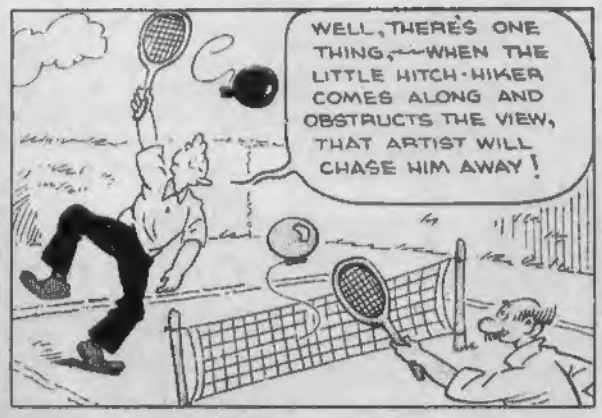
10-16


THE SQUIRREL CAGE

SAIR!—I AM ARTEEST! WIZ YOUR CONSENT, I WOULD LIKE TO PAINT LANDSCAPE FROM YOUR FRONT LAWN!
CERTAINLY!


WELL, THERE'S ONE THING,—WHEN THE LITTLE HITCH-HIKER COMES ALONG AND OBSTRUCTS THE VIEW, THAT ARTIST WILL CHASE HIM AWAY!

AH—EET EES PASTORAL MAGNIFEEK,—OR AS ZEY SAY IN QUAINT SLANG, HOT STUFF!

EEF THE SALON REJECT ZIS PICTURE, ZEN I WILL GO BACK TO FLEA-TRAINING!

WAT!—WHO EES THEES? —VAR HE COME FROM?
NOV SHMOZ KA POP?

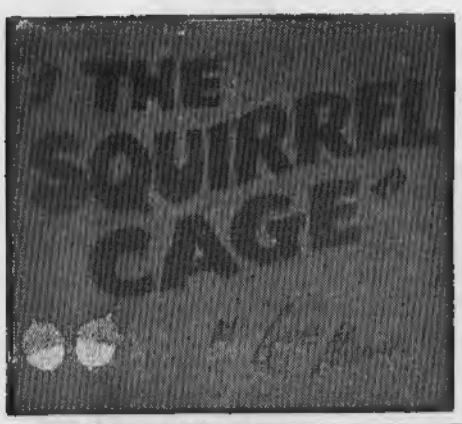
LOOK!—I AM PAINTING LANDSCAPE!—YOU SPOIL VIEW!—PLEASE GO AWAY!—
SPLONK!

HE REFUSE! NOW WAT TO DO?
AWP FF-F

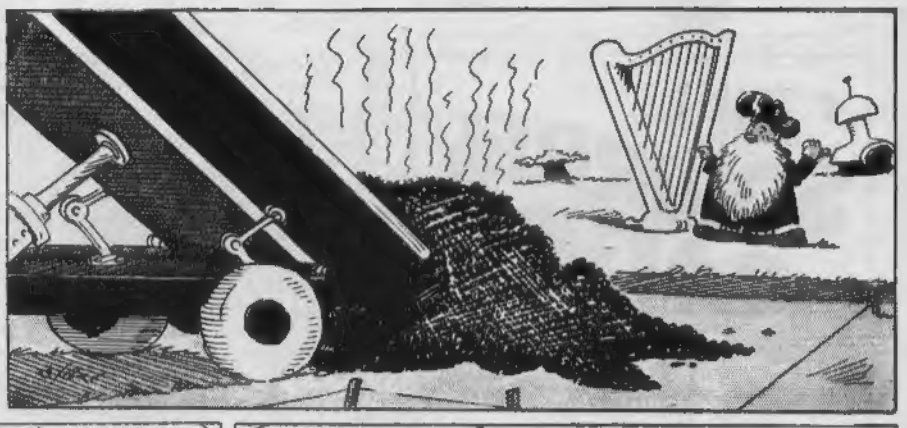
ZZZZ

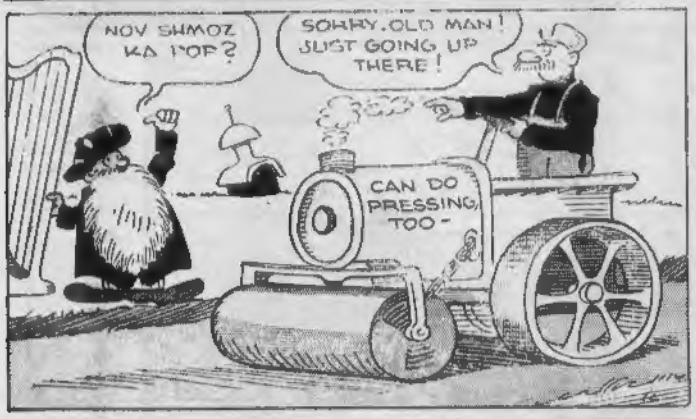
AH—H-H—H— I AM INSPIRED!

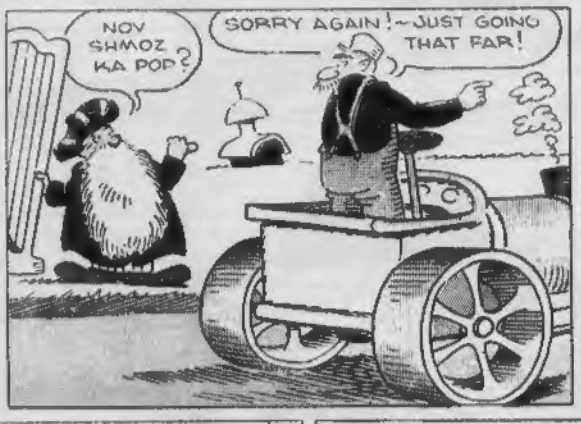
ZIS WILL BE SENSATION OF SALON!—MY MASTERPIECE! I WEEL CALL IT PORTRAIT OF "RIP VAN WINKLE"!
5-29


THE SQUIRREL CAGE

YOU'LL BE OVERJOYED TO HEAR THAT THE ROAD THE LITTLE HITCH HIKER STANDS ON, IS BEING PAVED AND NO AUTOS WILL COME ALONG!—HE'LL BE SURE TO LEAVE NOW!
I'M MORE INTERESTED IN MY NEW SNOREMONICA!




NOV SHMOZ KA POP?
SORRY, OLD MAN! JUST GOING UP THERE!
CAN DO PRESSING TOO-


NOV SHMOZ KA POP?
SORRY AGAIN!—JUST GOING THAT FAR!

GOES AGAINST MY GRAIN;—BUT I'LL IGNORE HIM!
AND PLEATING

OH, ALL RIGHT THEN;—COME ON, GET IN!—BUT I'LL TELL YOU, YOU'LL FIND IT MONOTONOUS!—JUST GOING BACK AND FORTH!
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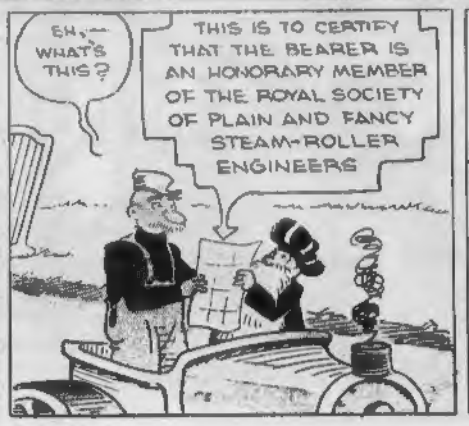
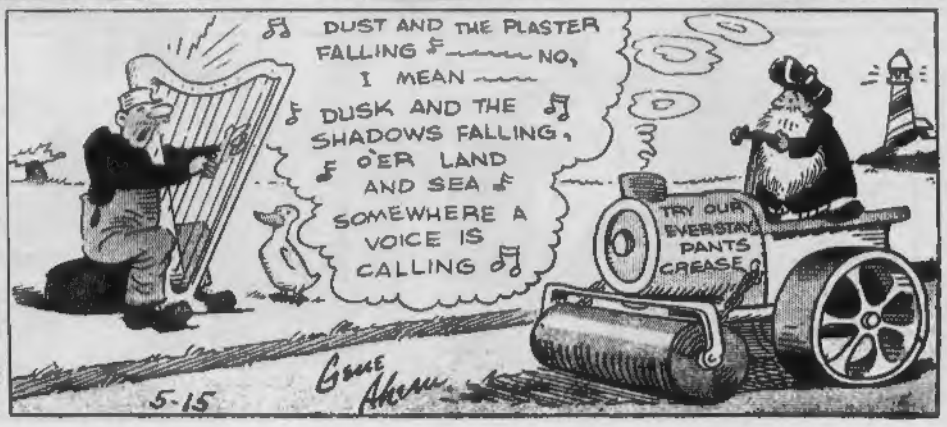

EH,—WHAT'S THIS?
THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT THE BEARER IS AN HONORARY MEMBER OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PLAIN AND FANCY STEAM-ROLLER ENGINEERS


DUST AND THE PLASTER FALLING ♪—NO, I MEAN— DUSK AND THE SHADOWS FALLING, O'ER LAND AND SEA SOMEWHERE A VOICE IS CALLING ♪
TRY OUR EVERSTAY PANTS CREASE
5-15
Gene Ahern

HAL FOSTER
AND COTH IS MAGNIFICENT! ONE AFTER ANOTHER THE WEARERS OF THE WHITE EMBLEM FALL BENEATH HIS AWFUL STROKES. BUT PRINCE VALIANT NOTES THAT MOST OF HIS VICTIMS ARE STRUCK FROM BEHIND WHILE FACING ANOTHER OPPONENT!
NEXT WEEK- Kerwin's Ordeal.
4-19-59
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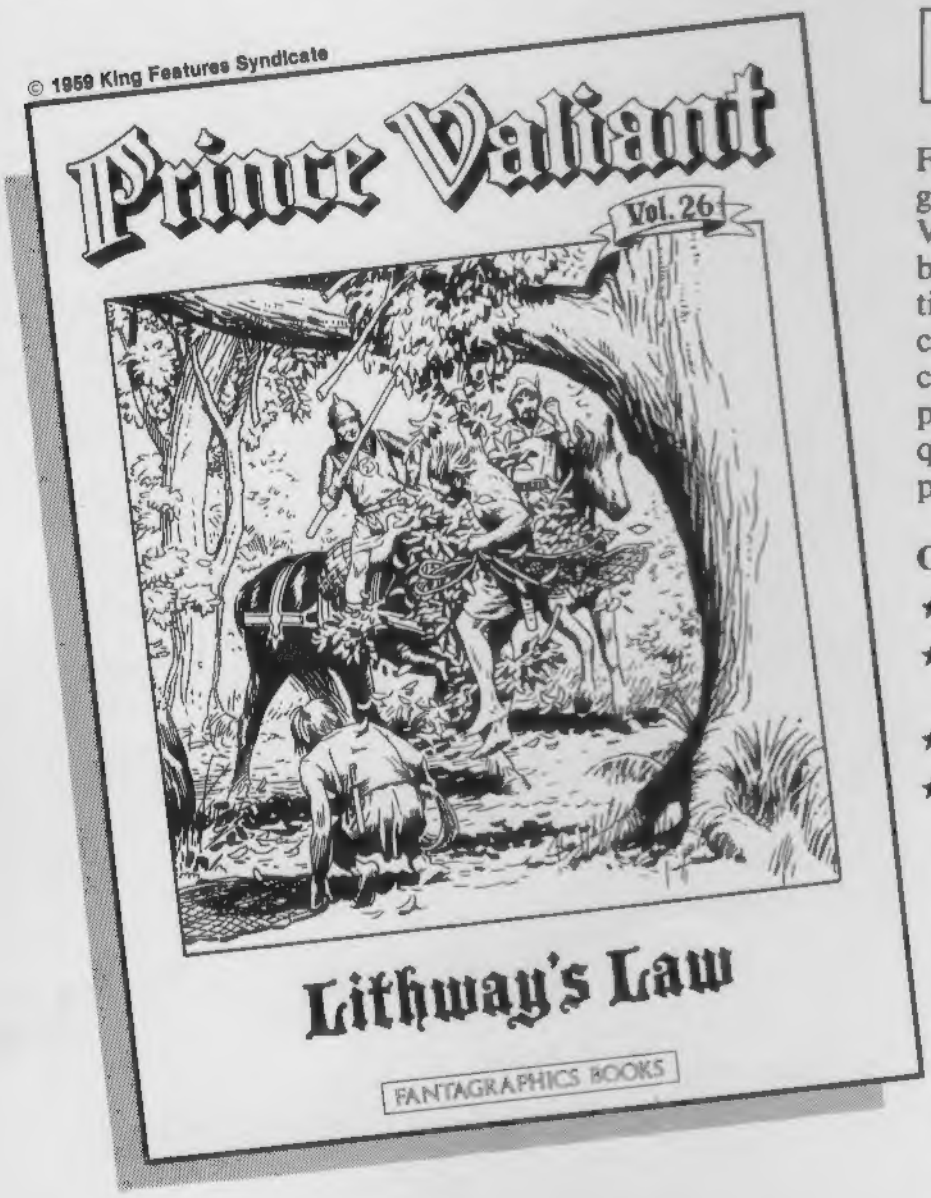

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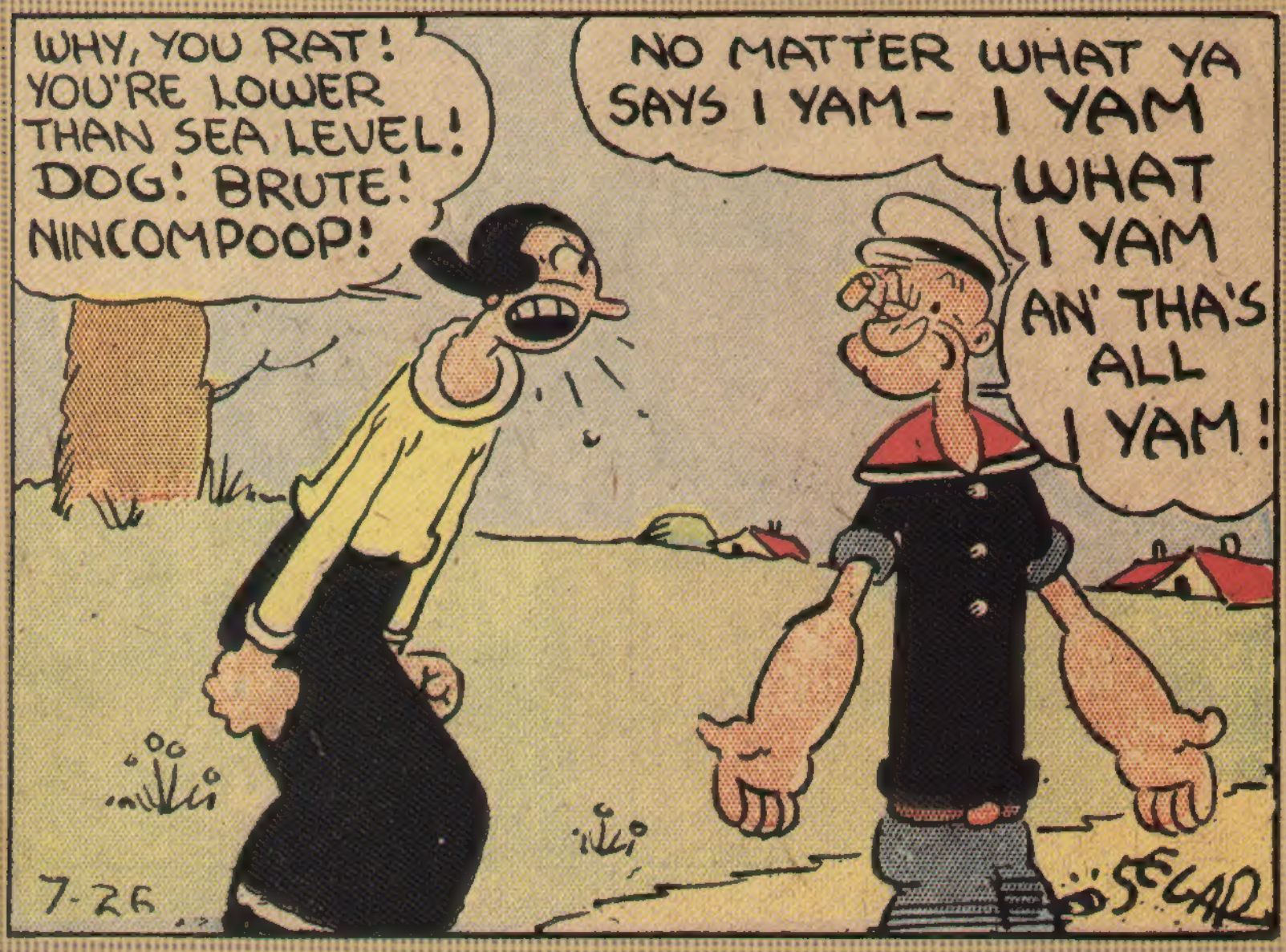
WHY, YOU RAT! YOU'RE LOWER THAN SEA LEVEL! DOG! BRUTE! NINCOMPOOP!
NO MATTER WHAT YA SAYS I YAM— I YAM WHAT I YAM AN' THA'S ALL I YAM!
7-26
SEGAR

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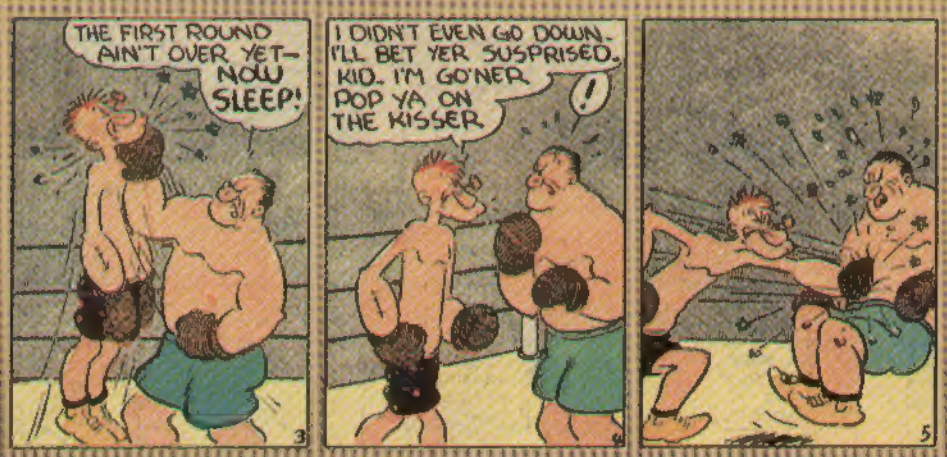

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